

2/6
Epſom-Wells.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted

By Their MAJESTIES
SERVANTS.

Written By

THO. SHADWELL.

Μεγάλως Δοιοιδαμένη αμαρτημα ευγενές.

L O N D O N,

Printed for H. Herringman, and Sold by R. Bentley, J. Tonſon,
F. Saunders, and T. Bennet, 1693.

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LONDON

Printed for H. Herringman, and sold by R. Bently, J. Tonson,
E. Smith, and J. Bont, 1693.

To his GRACE the
DUKE of NEW-CASTLE, &c.

May it please your Grace,

Your Grace has, by so many and extraordinary Favours, so entirely made me your own, that I cannot but think whatever is mine is so. This makes me bold to present you with this Comedy, which the Town was extremely kind to, and which, I confess, I am more fond of than of any thing I have ever wrote, and therefore think my self obliged to dedicate it to your Grace, since whatever I can value most among my small Possessions is your due. And though the return be in no measure proportionable to the Obligations I have received, yet I hope I shall not be thought ungrateful, since I offer the best I have to your Grace, who, I think I may say, are the only *Musemen* of our Age, I am sure the only one that I can boast of.

You are he who still preserves and maintains the Magnificence and Grandeur of our ancient Nobility; and being one that's truly great in Mind as well as Fortune, you take delight in the rewarding and encouraging of Art and Wit: And while others detract from Poetry, or at least neglect it, your Grace not only encourages it by your great Example, but protects it too. *Walsh* is indeed the only place where the best Poets can find a good reception. Your Grace well understanding their noble Science, and admiring it, while some Men envy it, and others are grossly ignorant of it; and indeed, none but the latter can slightly esteem it, who commonly are solid Block-heads, that value Business and Drudgery, which every industrious Fool is capable of, before refined Wit and Sense. It is a certain sign of a sordid and foolish Age, when Poetry is depressed; Men, by reason of their Folly and coarseness of Manners, either not caring to imitate the generous Characters represented by it, or fearing the Satyr of it.

Your Grace is above the imitating of generous Characters made by Poets, being your self an Original which they can but faintly copy; nor are you less for your Greatness, Wisdom and Integrity above their Satyr. So that your Grace is fitly qualified in all particulars for the support of poor neglected Poetry. Your Excellence in the Art is enough to keep up the Dignity of it, and your Greatness to encourage and protect it. And accordingly, your Grace does so magnificently extend your Favours to the Poets, that your great Example is enough to atone the neglect of all the Nation, and among all whom your Grace has obliged, there is none shall be more ready, upon all occasions, to testify his Gratitude, than,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient,

humble Servant,

Tho. Shadwell.

PROLOGUE

Written by Sir C. S.

POets and Thieves can scarce be rooted out,
Scarce ne'er so hardly, they'll have it rather bout;
Burns in the hand the Thieves fall to't agen,
And Poets hiss, cry they did so to Ben ---
Late Boys, who have at School too oft been stript,
They have no feeling in the part that's whipt.
They're for your pity, not your anger, fit,
They're e'en such Fools, they won't be thought to have wit.
Elsewhere you all can flatter, why not here;
You'll say you pay, and so may be severe;
Judge for your selves then Gallants as you pay,
And lead not each of you his Bench astray.
Let easie Gits be pleas'd with all they hear,
Go home and to their Neighbours praise our Ware.
They with good stomachs come, and fain wou'd eat,
You nothing like, and make them loath their meat.
Though some men are with Wine, Wit, Beauty cloy'd,
The Creatures still by others are enjoy'd.
'Tis not fair Play, that one for his Half-Crown
Shou'd judge, and rail, and damn for half the Town.
But do your worst; if once the Pit grows thin,
Your dear lov'd Masks will hardly venture in.
Then w're reveng'd on you, who needs must come
Hither, to shun your own dall selves at home.
But you kind Bachelors who had never yet,
Either your Heads or Ballies full of wit;
Our Poet hopes to please; but not too well;
Nor wou'd he have the angry Criticks swell.
A moderate Fate best fits his humble mind,
Be neither they too sharp, nor you too kind.

PRO

PROLOGUE to the King and Queen, spoken at Whitehall.

POets and Souldiers used to various chance;
Cannot expect they should each day advance;
Sometimes their Wreaths they miss, sometimes obtain;
But whensoever one luckie hit they gain,
Loudly the triumphs of that day they boast,
And ne'er reflect on all their Battels lost,
So, Royal Sir, the Poet of this night;
Since he contributed to your delight,
No thoughts of former losses does retain,
But boasts that now he has not liv'd in vain:
His tide of joy will to ambition swell,
He thus would think his whole life managed well,
Once pleasing him —

To whom all the labours of our lives are due,
Has now liv'd twice, since he has twice pleas'd you.

* If this for him had been by others done,
After this honour sure they'd claim their own.

Yes, to compleas his wishes, does remain

This new addition, which he hopes to gain,

That you, the other glory of our Isle,

Would grace his labours with your Royal smile.

Though he has faults, yet, Madam, you will save

The Criminal your Royal Lord forgave;

And this indulgence he will much prefer

To all th' applauses of the Theater:

A common Audience gives but common praise,

Th' applause of Princes must confer the Bays.

* These two Lines were writ in answer to the calumny of some impotent and envious Scriblers; and some industrious Enemies of mine, who would have made the Town and Court believe, though I am sure they themselves did not, that I did not write the Play; but at last it was found to be so frivolous a piece of malice, it left an impression upon few or none.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

Rains, } Men of Wit and Pleasure.
Bevil, }
Woody, }

Clodpate, A Country Justice, a publick spirited, politicke, discontented
 Pop, an immoderate Hater of *London*, and a Lover of the
 Country above measure, a hearty true *English Casscomb*,

Toby, *Clodpate's* Man.

Kick, Two cheating, sharking, cowardly Bollics.

Cuff, }
Bisket, } A Comfit-maker, a quiet, humble, civil Cuckold, governed
 by his Wife, whom he very much fears and loves at the
 same time, and is very proud of.

Fribble, A Haberdasher, a surly Cuckold, very conceited and proud
 of his Wife, but pretends to govern and keep her under.

Two Country Fellows.

Foot-boy.

Mrs. Woody, *Woody's* Wife, jilting, unquiet, troublesome, and very
 Whorish.

Lucia, } Two young Ladies, of Wit, Beauty and Fortune.
Carolina, }

Mrs. Bisket, An impertinent, imperious Strumpet, Wife to *Bisket*.

Dorothy Fribble, Wife to *Fribble*, an humble, submitting Wife, who
 jilts her Husband that way, a very Whore.

Mrs. Jilt, A silly, affected Whore, that pretends to be in love with
 most Men, and thinks most Men in love with her, and is
 always boasting of Love-Letters and Mens Favours, yet
 a Pretender to Vertue.

Peg, Her Sister, *Mrs. Woody's* Maid.

Parson, Hectors, Constable and Watch, and Fiddlers.

Epson.

Epsom-Wells.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs Woodly, Bisket, Mrs. Bisket, Fribble and his Wife, Kick, Cuff, Dorothy and Margaret; so Toby and others, drinking at the Wells.

Bisk. **I** Vow it is a pleasurable Morning; the Waters taste so finely after being fuddled last Night. Neighbour *Fribble*, here's a Pint to you.

Fribb. I'll pledge you, Mr. *Bisket*, I have drunk eight already.

Mrs. Bisk. How do the Waters agree with your Ladyship?

Mrs. Wood. Oh Severally; how many Cups are you arriv'd to?

Mrs. Bisk. Truly six, and they taste so kindly —

Mrs. Wood. 'Tis a delicious Morning.

Cuff. Honest *Kick*, how is it? you were drunk last night; I was so, and was damnable beaten.

Kick. I was drunk, *Ned Cuff*, and was not beaten, but beat; I am come to walk away my Claret, but you'll scarce wash away your black Eye.

Mrs. Fribb. I am glad to see your Ladyship this Morning, you look so fresh and fair, my service to you, Madam.

Kick. How the white Aprons scuttle, and leap, and dance yonder; some of 'em are dancing the Hey.

Kick. Many a *London* Strumpet comes to jump and wash down her unlawful lusts, to prevent theme; but more especially charges.

Cuff. Others come hither to procure Conception.

Kick. Ay Pox, that's not from the Waters, but something else they shall be nameless.

Cuff. I have a great mind to run roaring in amongst 'em all.

Kick. Thou hadst as good fling thyself among the Pyres in the Tower when they are falling. They'll tear thee in pieces, but you'll have a course as they are going from the Wells.

Cuff. Agreed: we seldom use to miss of some good body to supply our necessities that way.

Fribb. Is your Ladyship's Coach here?

Mrs. Wood. It goes before, I'll follow it on foot for the pleasure of the walk.

Mrs. Bisk. Madam, good Morrow, have your Ladyships Waters paid well.

Mrs. Wood. Yes wonderfully. I'll be going.

Exeunt Mrs. Wood.

Bisket, Kick, and Mr. Cuff. good Morrow to you, we shall have you at the House again in the afternoon.

Kick. I'll be on your side.

Epjam Wells.

Kick. I know it, and I'll lay all I am worth on't.

Kick. I hope he will, *Coff.* that we may ruin him.

Frisb. And I am on my Neighbour *Baker's* side all I am cap and rend.

Coff. Let's be sure to bet all we can. I have known a great Bowler, whose Betters place was worth above 200 *l.* a year, without venturing a farthing for himself.

Kick. They begin to go homewards, let's be gone.

Enter Rains and Bevil.

Bev. Jack, how is't this Morning? we are late, the Company is going from the Wells; how does thy last nights work agree with thee?

Rains. Whether that agrees with me or no, I am resolv'd to agree with that; for no distemper can trouble me that comes from so generous a Cause as lusty Bureaucy, and good Company.

Bev. Thou art I like right, we should no more be troubled at the Fevers we get in drinking, than the Honourable wounds we receive in Battle.

Rains. 'Tis true, the first are the effects of our pleasure, and the last of our honour; which are two things absolutely necessary to the life of a Gentleman.

Bev. Yet your dull spleen'd sober Sons will tell you, we destroy our Lives, and bring Gout, Dropsies, Deafness, the Deaf and all such.

Rains. Let 'em live and preach on, while we live more in a Week, than those insatiate temperate Fools do in a Year.

Bev. We like subtle Chivalists extract and refine our pleasure; while they like Fulson Galenists take it in gross.

Rains. I confess, a disorder got by Wine in Survy Company, would trouble a Man as much as a Clap got of a Nerd; but there are some Warriors so beautiful, that the pleasure makes more than balance the disorder.

Bev. And as your honour! Where-matter makes haste at his cure only to be at it again, so do we take Pills and the Waters to prepare us for another bout.

Rains. For my part I hate to hoard up a great flock of health, as Millers do Gold, and make no use on't: I am resolv'd to lay it out upon my Friends as far as 'twill go; and if I run my self out, I'll be a good Husband for a while to lay it out again when I have it.

Bev. But *Jack,* there are duties to our life, as well as to our neighbours, which the Debt, Grave, and Wife say, is lighting our Candle at both ends.

Rains. Let 'em be light at both ends. Is it not better to let Life go out in a blaze than a snuff?

Bev. I see thou art a brave Fellow, and not to be mov'd by the formal Fops of this World.

Rains. I will converse with grave Fellows in their Books; but with such as thou art over a Bottle. *Ned.* Was where's *Wendy* this morning? I warrant he was drunk last night, and has had a tedious Lecture from his Incontinent Wife; who impudently tells us now, as she says, because she loves him.

Bev. He's an honest Fellow, and deserves hard when he is so abus'd; for to say truth, she's a damn'd Wife, but a very good Mistress.

Rains. Art not thou a Villain to Cackole thus about Fellows? *Bev.* My Friend *Ned.*

Bev.

Rev. God it's impossible to be a man of honour in these Cases. But my intrigues with her began before my Friendship with him, and so I made a Friend of my Cuckold, and not a Cuckold of my Friend.

Reyn. An admirable School-distinction.

Enter Woody.

Wood. *Rains* and *Bevil*, good Morrow to you.

Rains. O *Frank Woody*, where wert thou last night? you scap'd a bloody night on't.

Wood. Faith *Rains* there is no scaping, a Coward may be kill'd as well as a brave Man; I ran away from you but so little purpose. See how my hand shakes this Morning.

Rains. O let me kiss that hand; he must be an illustrious Man whose hand shakes at so.

Wood. You are pleas'd to say so, but faith I take pains and live as fast as I can, that's the truth on't.

Rev. Thou art in the right, and a Pox on them that live slowly, lazily, and soberly. I love riding Post in a Journey, I hate a damn'd dull Carriers pace.

Wood. But I was in damn'd Company with that publick spirited Fool, and Country Justice, *Mr. Clodpate*, and *another* too as well.

Rev. Thou art often seduc'd by Fools, *Frank*, have a care of 'em I say, have a care of 'em.

Rains. He Comforts you well; for conversation is to the mind, as the air we live in is to the body; in the good we by degrees suck in health, and in the ill Distastes. Wit is improv'd in good Company; but there is a Contagion in Folly; that insensibly insinuates into one that often converses with Fools, let his constitution of mind be never so good.

Rev. But *Clodpate* is a Clownish-Country Fool. The Murrain among Cattle is not infectious to men, nor can his blunt folly ever insinuate it self into an honest debauchee.

Enter Clodpate, and Toby.

Reyn. Here he comes, let's observe him a little.

Clodp. Did you call upon my *Cozen Spatter-Brain* for that Interest money due to me this Midsummer?

Toby. I have, Sir, every day since he came to *Epsom*, and yesterday he said upon his Honour he would pay me, and went immediately to *London*.

Clodp. Honour, a Pox on his Honour, I'll sooner trust the honour of a Country Horse-Courser, than one of the Publicans and Sinners of that odious Town. They never pay so much as a Taylors Bill till it comes to Execution: But I'll have *Spatter-Brain* by the back the next Term, though he be my Sisters Son. But how does my dapple Mare?

Toby. She's much discontented to hear her Neighbours whiney over their Oats and Beans, while she is fain to mortify with a poor lock of Hay.

Clodp. You Rogue, you wou'd have her as fat, and as foggy, as my Landlady the Holbeck. I cannot what I spend amongst my Neighbours in *Sussex*, but I'd not have a Rogue so near that damn'd Town of *London* get a farthing by me.

Wood. Besides some dull Encomiums upon a Country Life, and discourse of his

his serving the Nation with his Magistracy, popularity, and Blood-keeping, you see the best and worst of him.

Rev. But is his hatred to *London* so inveterate as is reported?

Wood. Six times more. Since *Lewis* was he calls it nothing but *Salem*; he is such a Villain, he swears the Frenchman that was hang'd for burning on't was a Martyr; he was so glad at the burning of it, that ever since he has kept the second of *September* a Festival; he thinks a Woman cannot be honest, *George* found that comes within the snail-shell, he is shock'd at the very name on't.

Bro. I have heard that the reasons of his hatred, are, because he has been beaten, clapt, and chasted there.

Rains. Fox on him, he has found us, and there's no avoiding him.

Clasp. O Mr. *Woody*, how is it? You drink no Waters; but have you had your other Mornings draught yet.

Wood. Yes, I never leave off my Evenings draught till it becomes my Mornings draught.

Clasp. Mr. *Rains* and *Bevil*, gad save ye; how do'e like the Country? it's not worth a hundred of old *Salem* yonder? good Horses, good Dogs, good Ale, ha!

Rains. Good Wine, good Wit, and fine Women, may I take it, compare with them.

Clasp. I find you'll never leave that place of sin and sorrow, give me drink for all that, that breeds no Gout; a wholesome plaid Wench, that will neither bring my body to the Surgeons hands, nor my Land to the Scriveners: and for Wit, there is such a stir amongst you, who has it, and who has it not, that we honest Country Gentlemen begin to think there's no such thing, and have merry Mirth and good old Carous amongst us, that do the business every where as well.

Rains. He's in the right.

Clasp. But Mr. *Woody*, how do you like my Dapple Mare?

Wood. Not comparable to a Hackney Coach.

Clasp. But she shall run with e'er a Hackney Coach in *England* for all that, or e'er a Horse in your stable, weighs him and inth him.

Wood. I would not keep a running Horse, though a running Horse would half keep me.

Bro. We are for *London* to morrow; shall we have your Company?

Clasp. U!s bud, I go to *London*! I am almost sick at *Epsom*, when the wind sits to bring any of the Smoak this way, and by my good will would not talk with a Man that comes from thence till he hath air'd himself a day or two.

Wood. Why, there's no Plague.

Clasp. There's Pride, Popery, Folly, Lust, Prodigality, Cheating Knaves, and Jilting Whores; Wine of half a Crown a Quart, and Ale of twelve pence, and what not.

Rains. This is a terrible Regiment you have muster'd; but neither the Priests nor the Women will ravish you; nor are you forc'd to take the Wine, as the French are their Sale, there are twelve penny Ordinaries.

Clasp. Ay, and Cards and false Dice, and Quarrels, and reform'd Officers to borrow a Crown, and beat a man that refuses it, besides, I'll sum you up the bestly pleasures of the best of ye.

Wood.

Wood. What are those?

Clady. Why, to sit up drunk till three o'Clock in the Morning, rise at twelve, follow dam'd *French* fashions, get dress'd to go to a dam'd Play, choke your selves afterwards with dust in Hide-park, or with Sea-coal in the Town, flatter and fawn in the Drawing-room, keep your Wench, and turn away your Wife, *God* look's.

Rev. The Rogue is a tart and witty Whorson.

Clady. I was at *Sodom* at eighteen. I thank 'em, but now I serve my Country, and spend upon my Tenants what I get amongst them.

Rains. And so, indeed, are no better than their Sponge, which they moisten only to squeeze again. But what important Service do you do your Country?

Clady. 'sBod, I——why, I am Justice of *Quorum* in *Suffex*, and this County too, and I make the Surveyors mend the High-ways; I cause Rogues to be whipt for breaking Fences or pilling Trees, especially if they be my own; I swear Constables, and the like.

Rev. But is this all?

Clady. No; I call Over-seers for the Poor to an account; sign Rates; am a Game-keeper, and take away Guns and Grey-hounds; bind Fellows to the peace; observe my monthly Meeting; am now and then an Arbitrator, and license Ale-houses, and make People bury in Flannel, to encourage the Woollen Manufacture, which never a Justice of Peace in *England* does but I.

Wood. Look you, what would you have?

Clady. Besides, I am drunk once a week at my Lord Lieutenant's, and at my own house spend next *Scurvy French* Kick-shaws, but much Ale, and Beef, and Mutton, the Manufactures of the Country.

Rev. The Manufactures of the Country, that's well.

Rains. Ay, and, I warrant, by the virtue of that, can bring as many wide-mouth'd Rogues to bail and holloa for a Knight of the shire as any Man.

Clady. Ay, *gods* look's can I.

Rains. That men should be such infinite Coxcombs to live scurvily to get reputation among thick-skull'd Peasants, and be at as great a distance with men of wit and sense, as if they were another sort of Animals.

Rev. 'Tis fit such Fools should govern and do the drudgery of the World, while reasonable Men enjoy it.

Clady. Mr. *Woodly*, I'll go now and wait upon your Cousin *Lucia*, and if I can get her to marry me, and fill up my pack of Dogs, my two great works are over in this world. *God-b'-w'-y*, Gentlemen. Uds-bud, I had forgot, I have the rarest brand of Ale to drink out in the Afternoon, with three or four honest Country-fellows: yee shall be very welcom to it to-morrow, and we'll dust it away.

Rev. We thank you, Sir.

Clady. I am now in haste to read a Gazette, this is the day, I am impatient till Life is——*Oh*, I love Gazettes extremely, and they are the only things I can endure to come from *London*. They are such pretty penn'd things, and I do so love *Winnickety*, *Poosky*, *General Wrangels*, and *Coun'ty*, and all those——*God* save ye.

[Exit.

[Six Women cross the Stage in great haste.

Rains. Look how the Women begin to trip it from the Wells; I see some of 'em well dress'd in Masks; Oh that admirable invention of Vizard-Masks for us poor Lovers; Vizards are so provocative, the Devil take me I cannot forbear 'em.

Bess. Thou art such a Ternagant Fellow, thou art as eager as a Woman in a Vizard-Mask, as thou wouldst be if she show'd all. [Exit *Rains*.]
Faith I'll not be behind hand with ye——

Enter Mrs. Woody, and pulls Bevil by the Sleeve.

How now, what am I boarded first?

Oh Mrs. Woody, is it you?

Mrs. Wood. I dare not stay a minute, read that Note, adieu. [Exit.

Bess. Short and sweet, let me see——

Reads. My Husband fled up late, and was very Drunk last night, and I have had a happy quarrel with him this morning, that has driven him from home, where I shall have the happiness to see him till night, so that I safely may enjoy your sweet society most part of this day. Yours Woody.

Well the Sin's so sweet, and the Temptation so strong, I have no power to resist it. [Exit *Bevil*.]

Enter Carolina and Lucia, and Footman.

Caro. Let the Coach walk up the Hill, we'll follow it.

Foot. It shall, Madam.

[Exit *Footman*.]

Caro. But as I was saying, Lucia, here's very scurvy Company.

Luc. We have no body near us here, but some impudent ill-bred City-wives, where they have more trading with the Youth of the Suburbs, than their Husbands with their Customers within the walls.

Caro. Sometimes we have their tame Husbands, who gallop hither upon their Tits, to see their faithful Wives play a game at Ninepins, and be drunk with stum'd Wine; and their are gone to their several and respective rozening Vocations. Therefore, prithee, let's go to *Cambridge*, for *London* is so empty, 'tis a very Wilderness this Vacation.

Luc. No, faith, *Carolina*, I have a project in my head, shall stay me here a little longer, and thee too——

Caro. What, you hanker after an acquaintance with *Rains* and *Bevil*? thou art a mad Wench, but they are so very wild.

Luc. An they be naturally wilder than I, or you either for all your simpering, I'll be condemn'd to Fools and ill Company for ever.

Caro. Do not with that dreadful Curie; we are already so much pester'd with gay Fools, that have no more sense than our Shock-dogs, that I long for an acquaintance with witty Men as well as thou dost. But how can we bring it about without scandal?

Luc. Let this Brain of mine alone for that. I blush for my Sex, to see the Ladies of *London* (as if they had forsworn common sense) and so lapid young Fools their great Favourites.

Caro. 'Tis a shame that a company of young, well-fac'd Fellows, that have no lent beyond Perneques and Pantaloons, should be the only men with the Ladies, whilst the acquaintance of witty Men is thought scandalous.

Luc.

Lac. For my part, I am resolv'd to redeem the honour of our Sex, and have Wit, and never think a Fool a fine Gentleman.

Enter Cass and Kick.

What Ruffins are these that come to interrupt us in our great design?

Kick. Ah, Ladies, have we catch'd yo Pfiaith; you shall go along with us.

Cass. What pitiful Fellows are these?

Cass. Pitiful Fellows, God have a care what you say, we do not use to put up such words, either from Man or Woman.

Lac. What would you do you dowry Hectors?

Kick. Hectors? upon my honour, if we can find them out, we'll beat your Gallants for this.

Cass. If I had a Gallant that kept a Footman, that would not beat either of you, I'd disown the Master for the cowardise of the Man.

Cass. S'death, I could find in my heart to draw upon her.

Kick. Would you had two of the bravest Fellows in *Christendom* to defend ye, you thoud' see how we'd swinge 'em.

Lac. Ayeunt, you Hectors, we are not fit for you. I am sure, neither of you yet were ever honoured with a favour from a Chamber-maid.

Cass. Your acquaintance never rises higher than a Landress or an Hostess.

Cass. Be not perverse and scollish, we are persons of quality, and have money. Look ye, let this tempt you.

Kick. Come faith, we'll pay you well upon my honour.

Cass. Upon my honour you shall be well paid with a couple of sufficient beatings, if you leave us not.

Cass. Hilt and blades, Men of honour beaten, ye proud Filirts.

Enter Rains and Bevil following some Women who run cross the Stage.

Lac. Gentlemen, ye look like men of quality; pray own us to be of your acquaintance, and protect us from a couple of troublesome Ruffians.

Rains. Own thou! that I will faith in any ground in *Christendom*, and I hope thou wilt be of my acquaintance before we part. I embrace the adventure as greedily as a Knight errand could.

Bev. to Cass. This is the Dame that I'll defend.

Rains. Gentlemen, have you any business with these Ladies?

Kick. Why, Sir, what if we have?

Cass. May be we have not, Sir, may be we have.

Bev. Nay, Gentlemen, no huffing, know you're men and vanish.

Rains. You may else, unawares, pull down a beating upon your own heads.

Kick. Beating, Sir.

Cass. We are Gentlemen of quality; never tell us of this, and that, I gad —

Rains. Do not provoke us, but be gone.

Kick. Well, Sir, fare ye well; who cares? I care no more for 'em —

Cass. No, nor I neither. What a Pox care I; tell me — fare ye well. But who the Devil thought they wou'd have come hither?

Kick. Pox on 'em for me.

Lac. softly. These are our Gallants: Gentlemen, let's see how you will swinge

Rich. Please, please hold thy tongue; talk to me — do, do, do.

Luc. This is lucky, *Carolina*, for our design. Gentleman, you have oblig'd us extremely.

Rains. We are like Knights Errands, or Knights of the Jark, bound to relieve Ladies by our Order.

Ben. But if we have oblig'd you; pray let us see whom we have had the honour of obliging.

Cara. Generous men should be content with the Action, without knowing whom they have oblig'd. But let it satisfy you, we are Women of no small quality.

Luc. This desire of knowing us, looks as if ye expected a reward; the seeing of our faces would be none; and upon my word, Gentleman, we can go as farther if we would do that.

Cara. Besides, you may think us handsome now, and if we shew our faces, we shall convince you to the contrary, and make you repent the obligation.

Ben. I like thy shape and humour so well, that gad if thou'lt satisfy my Curiosity, I'll not repent, though you want that great ornament of a face, called a Nose.

Rains. I am sure mine's handsome; I have an instinct that never fails me.

Luc. Your infallible instinct has guess'd wrong now.

Ben. Come Ladies, faith off with these Clouds and shine upon us.

Rains. We can never leave you till we see your Faces; and if ye don't shew 'em us, we shall think you desire to keep us with ye.

Luc. Nay, rather than have that scandal upon us, we'll then 'em.

Cara. With all my heart, but upon these terms, you shall promise, upon your honour, not to dog us, or inquire further after us at this time.

Luc. You hear the conditions.

Ben. The conditions are very hard — but I promise —

Rains. Come, Ladies, I find you are handsome, and think your selves so; on you would not be afraid of our dogging you, when we have seen you.

Luc. No seeing our Faces but upon these terms.

Rains. You are cruel Tygers — but since there's no remedy, I promise —

Luc. Look you, Sir, do you like it now?

Cara. You'll believe us another time.

Ben. By Heaven a Divine Creature!

Rains. Beyond all comparison! where have I liv'd?

Ben. Gad mine has liv'd too. Since they were so much too hard for us at Blouds, we were foolish to go to sharps with them.

Rains. I will never believe a Ladies word of her self again.

Luc. Come you hear now.

Rains. To shew that I don't, I cannot help making my honour yield to my love; and must beg the favour of you to know who you are; and that I may wait on you home.

Ben. And, Madam, had I sworn by your self, I must have been perjur'd, the Temptation is so powerful.

Cara. Have you seen so much Love and Favour upon the Stage, and are so little Judges of it here?

Luc.

Luc. In short, if you are Men of Honour, you'll keep your words; for we will never believe you of less.

Dev. Shall perhaps begin of seeing you hereafter?

Caro. As you behave yourself now.

Rains. Give me hopes of once more seeing you—and I'll trust you, and let you carry my heart away with you.

Luc. You shall hear further from us; and suddenly.

Rains. Upon your Honour?

Luc. Upon my Honour.

Caro. And mine.

Dev. Farewell then; but let me tell you, 'tis very cruel.

Car. Why didst leave 'em so soon? I could have staid longer, with all my heart!

Luc. 'Tis enough at first—let me alone hereafter. *[Ex. Luc. and Caro.]*

Rains. This was a lucky Adventure, and so much the more lucky, that I lighted upon the Lady I love best, though they are both beautiful.

Dev. And I am even wish you in that too.

Enter Woody.

Here's *Woody*; the Intrigue is not ripe for his knowledge yet. Where have you been, *Frank*?

Wood. I have had two damn'd unlucky Adventures. The first Vizard-Mark I possid'st ever; I had follow'd her a Furlong, and importun'd her to show her face; when I thought I had got a Prize beyond my hopes, prov'd an old Lady of threescore with a wrinkl'd, pimpl'd face, but one Eye, and no Teeth; but which was ten times a worse Disappointment, the next that I follow'd prov'd to be my own Wife.

Rains. This was for your good, *Frank*; Heaven designs to keep you ver-
shades.

Wood. But I like not Vertue that springs from necessity. Mine is so noble, 'd have it say'd often.

Rains. Well, Gentlemen, where shall we waste the latter part of the Day? for I must spend this former part on't with a convenient sort of Utensil, call'd a Citizen's Wife.

Wood. I must divert that design, and carry you to my Castle, whom you never saw, the prettiest Girl in *Christendom*; she has seen you, and loves you extremely.

Rains. Prethee, *Woody*, what should I do with her? I love thee and thy Family too well to lye with her, and my self too well so to be abus'd; and I think a Man has no excuse for himself that visits a Woman without design of lyeing with her one way or other.

Wood. Why, *Jack*, eight thousand pound and a handsome Wench of seven-
teen were no ill bargain.

Rains. But here's eight thousand pound, and Liberty, *Frank*. Would you be content to lye in *Lodgers* all your life time for eight thousand pound?

Wood. No, certainly.

Rains. Marriage is the worst of Prisons.

Dev. But by your leave, *Rains*, though Marriage be a Prison, yet you may make the Rules as large as those of the *King's-Bench*, that extend to the *East-Indies*.

Rains.

Rains. O hang it. No more of that Ecclesiastical Man's Tale.

Wood. Prethee, speak more reverently of the happiest Condition of Life.

Rains. A married man is not to be believ'd. You are like the Fox in the Fable that had lost his Tail, and would have persuaded all others to lose theirs; you are one of the Parsons Decoy-Ducks, to wheedle poor innocent Fowls into the Net.

Wood. Why shouldst thou think so ill of my Wife to think I am not in earnest?

Rains. No application, *Frank*; I think thy Wife as good a Woman as a Wife can be.

Wood. She loves me extremely, is tolerable handsome, and, I am sure, virtuous.

Rains. That thou know'st, *Ned Brawl*. [Aside.]

Wood. 'Tis true, she values her self a little too much upon her Vertue, which makes her sometimes a little troublesome and impertinent.

Rains. I never knew a Woman that pretended over-much to Vertue, that either had it, or was not troublesome and impertinent.

Enter Basket.

Rains. Mr. *Basket*, good morrow to you.

Bisk. Your humble Servant, Sir.

Rev. This is *Rains* his most obsequious humble Cuckold, his Wife is a pretty impertinent Strumpet, and scorns to have any other Pimp but her own Husband, who all the while thinks her the innocentest Creature.

Wood. A glorious Punk! But what a despicable thing a Cuckold is; they look as if they had the mark of Cain upon 'em. I would not be a Cuckold for the World.

Rev. How blinda thing a Husband is! [Aside.]

Bisk. Now, as I am an honest Man, and I would I might ne'er stir, if I have not had such a life about you with my pretty *Assy*, I would not have her so angry again for fifty pound, God-forgive.

Rains. About me, what's the matter, Man?

Bisk. Why I promis'd to bring you to her last night, and got a little tipsy'd, as they say, and forgot it. She says you play the best at Cribach of any body, and she loves Gaming mightily, and is as true a Gamester, though I say it.

Rains. I know it, Man.

Bisk. Besides, she would fain learn that new Song of you; she says it is a rare one.

Sings. Thou shalt have anything, thou shalt have me,

And I have nothing that will please thee.

'Tis such a pretty little innocent Rogue, and has such odd Fancies with her, ha, ha, ha—

Wood. Lord, what a strange Creature a Cuckold is! [Aside.]

Bisk. But I swear, all that I could do to her could not please her this Morning. Ifackings nobody can satisfy her but you; therefore as you tender the quiet and welfare of a poor humble Husband, come and play at Cribach with her to day; for she loves Cribach most intemperately. I do wonder that a Woman should love Gaming so.

Rains.

John. But I shall have all that I want, I shall have all that I want. For Heaven sake, as you love me do not deny me, I shall have no quiet when I am a bachelor. My Neighbour's of mine are to have a Game at Bowls, and a merry meeting this Afternoon, and she wishes the Waters may ne'er go through him. If she'll give me leave to go to 'em, unless I bring you to her to join her Company, and sing and play at Cards with her, therefore, dear Mr. Bisket, I shall be obliged to you to go with me.

John. This is beyond all Example.

John. Well, there is not in Nature so tame and inoffensive a Beast as a London Cockeril. I'll say that for him. [Aside.

John. Please, Jack, do not refuse to go to my Cousin for a little Strumpet.

John. I cannot be so inhumane to refuse a Husband that invites me to his own Wife alone. Mr. Bisket.

Bisket. Come, good Sir, I thank you for this favour a thousand times; my Wife will be in a very good humour to day, Sir.

John. Go before, I'll follow you, and carry her this Kiss from me.

Bisket. I thank you, Sir, I'll carry it her, poor Rogue, she'll be overjoy'd; but pray don't stay long. [Exit Bisket.

John. A Boy with a Letter.

Boy. Am Mr. Bisket and his wife home?

John. Yes, and are they?

Boy. Here's a Letter for you.

John. How now, Cousin, what an Affligation to both of you!

John. Upon my life, what, no from the Ladies?

John. The one has just sent a couple of Gentlemen that will exceed you with a letter to your hands, in down, in a Field on the North-side of the Church. If you fail, you shall see fall of being posted. Tell you that, you shall be sent on horse, but know that we are worth the money.

John. This is a business of another nature, Cousin.

John. We must be thorough. And, have they are the Bullies we have?

John. Yes, and about the same time, they?

John. From a couple of Gentlemen in Buff Coats, Red Coats, and Shammy Breeches.

John. 'Tis from them, have they'll not fight.

John. But we must try whether they will or no: tell 'em we'll not fall.

John. I shall do.

[Exit John.

John. I have a business of another nature to dispatch, Now, I'll meet before eleven at your Lodging.

John. I have just such another business too; but I'll not fail to meet you — But how can you resist Mrs. Bisket after the Lady you saw this Morning?

John. I am not sure of her I saw this morning, besides, if I were, is it reasonable that a Man that has a good stomach should refuse Mutton to day, because he expects Quails to morrow? but how can you in Conscience think of Conscience, when for ought you know, we may venture our lives within two hours?

Rev. Since, for ought I know, my life may be in danger, I'll guard who can't

Don't believe, Woody, let's meet on the Red Carpet in the Rain.

Frank: You are happy man, Gruchman, but I am not. I like the way that you love more than my eyes, and would give back of them to you. All right, OK.

Bro. Aides. That's not his own Wife; I shall be left enough to be an encouragement too, and must leave you.

And when you're done, you'll have about five

ATTN: _____

What does it mean to be a good person? —

THEY WILL BE FOUND OUT AND DEPOSED.

But all the *Aspergillus* bacteria are not the same.

Ever Clothed, Lined, and Cased

Law. Let her stay with me, that I may be as good as dead with her. I will
try Coxcomb.

Case: Would it have been all right if you had been a woman?

Lt. HENRY LLOYD, jr., 608 E. 7th St., Tulsa, Okla., 94 days at Camp.

...and the ...

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have honoured me with ; know then my Friend *Caroline* is the most agreeable to *London*, and most infatuated with the Love of the Country.

Clara. Madam, instructed ; pray change that word of the people.
Luc. You know my meaning by it ; (pointing to my partner) because she will not with patience bear of returning to *London* ; she calls it nothing but vain, obscene, wicked, filthy, Popish place.

Clara. Ha ! how's this ? I did not think she had so much sense. *[Aside.]*

Luc. She often says, she had rather marry a Country Inferior of five hundred pounds a year, than a Man of five thousand pounds a year in *London* ; nay than a Duke at Court.

Clara. She's an ingenious Woman, God bless. *[Aside.]*
 I had rather marry her naked than you with all your Fortunes, Madam.
 But a pox on't, I had damn'd ill luck to make my application to you first, as the Devil would have it.

Luc. This is a very Country Courtier. — *[Aside.]*
 Here she comes, let's withdraw ; I will tell you more, and we'll consult about this business.

Clara. Your Servant, Madam.

[Ex. Clara and Luc.]

Enter Carolina and Wood.

Wood. How can you mistrust a Man in so excellent a way ?

Caro. As what ?

Wood. As that he should love the goddess, *Fortune*, much Creatures he w^d ver low —

Caro. So far from that, I believe he will love all the world's good ; *Fortune*, *Amor*, *all* *Crimes*, as he calls 'em, that he does ; but he has you here you that Tribute already to Vertuous Madam *Wood*, and he's marry'd.

Wood. I am for ; and there's the last word of my *Lesson* ; I should not be tempting you to accept me for better or worse, but I shall not do it. Now, Madam, take my heart amidst good-byes, and go, as you have said, and do the rest as you see fit.

Caro. Where there are so many free, why should I be so much in love with so much a fellow in the Title as a husband ?

Wood. Faith, there are none without some imperfections ; and I believe his Spark has his Mils in the *Play-house* ; but I am sure he has his Mother's Chamber maid, the Country Gentleman his Landlord's Daughter ; I suppose young fellows that is to make his fortune, some elderly Simps that keep him fine ; so that marriage is the least engagement of all, for that only puts out where a Man cannot lose.

Caro. Since marriage obliges him to take care of Women so much, I wonder we endure the thing on't.

Wood. Y^e are in the right, 'tis worse than cards I win, play you tell ; but there are some left that can love upon the square.

Caro. A Woman may be undone upon the square, as well as a Gentleman, if she ventures too much.

Wood. Never, so long as you play for nothing but what you have about you ; and, upon my knees, I would engage you no deeper at this time, 'tis tick and after-

after-reckonings that raise Lovers as well as Gamesters; and, gad, if you mistrust me, I am ready to make stakes; and because y'are a young beginner, I'll play three to one.

Cara. Not so fast, good Sir, you'll make me quit the few good thoughts I had of you if you persist.

Wood. Persist in loving you I must till Death; but the Methods and Ceremonies I leave to you to prescribe. I guess'd you would not care for a whining Lover.

Cara. Nor do I care for one by your extremity the other way.

Wood. Take your choice, I can make love from the stiff, formal way of the year 43, to the gay, brisk way of this present day and hour.

Cara. Since I suppose it is for diversion, pray let me see how that is.

Wood. Look you, then.

Cara. Is this it? why, you don't mind me.

Wood. I could say still though, and make you fall in love with me, after a careless way, by this bye.

Cara. When do you begin?

Wood. Begin? why, I am with all this while.

[Sings and dances again.]

Now heaven you, these Breasts are not hard to speak on; no, nor this Neck whines me though I am black. I have but one look to day; that ever a Man should love just a Cream; what will you give me for a piece when you are Master of the House?

Cara. Must I deliver you like a Lady of the times too?

Wood. Ay, by all means, Madam.

Cara. This Mr. Woodly is the strangest Man, he would make one die to hear him; I vow, let me hear.

Wood. Look, what a set of words you show when you laugh! if they were mine I should be out; but your Speech can't be sweet, let me see.

[Offers to kiss her.]

Cara. Well, I vow you're a pleasant Man; but you go too fast.

Wood. For your kind of the last Age, I grant you; but the World is well mended since, the Ladies and Barbers Towns yield upon easier terms now a-days.

[Offers to kiss her again.]

Now I see you don't find the trial, 'tis even so; I'll be hang'd if you ha'n't crooked Legs.

[Offers to lift up her Coat.]

Cara. I had rather you should think so than take the pains to satisfy you; but I vow you'd make one blush, you have such a way with you, ha, ha, ha.

Wood. I have to live in doubt; you have a pretty Face, but an ill Breath and crooked Legs, gad, are insupportable.

Cara. Is that your way? I have enough on't, no more; drinking my Health in a Beer-glass, and quarrelling with the Man that can't pledge; Scribbling your Passion in Glass windows, and wearing my Colours continually I can better endure; but now I talk of scribbling, divers me a little better, and give me the Song you promis'd me.

Wood. I have taught it your Woman, who I conceive has some thing a better Voice than I, she's here too.

Cara. Sing that Song Mr. Woodly taught you.

She

dead pounds a year, then one in London of five thousand pounds; say, then a Duke of Court — Viscounted, Madam, 'tis granted.

Cora. It may be granted by you, but not by me.

Clody. There are some few Fools who refuse good offers; but there are others who more wit, than can be paid.

Cora. Sure you have been at cross purposes of late, Mr. Clodpate.

Clody. No, Madam, but I have you here *Stolen* yonder; for — methinks I find him richer; he has told you in private; I would not marry Mrs. Lucia if he had five thousand pounds; they had, marry one that would live at London, say at Clodpate. No, I had rather go to Sea in a Fire-ship; but I'll show you the Small-boat in which you shall sail your own.

Cora. What do you mean by this?

Clody. All this I know very well, and though by the Sea but Uncle I was mis-guided in my Love, 'tis so you, Madam, my affection has inclin'd.

Cora. Ah, madam, how you contriv'd this? you thought to punish me much, but that rather have such a villain as I feel with, than a lap Dog, or a Squirrel; abusing of a Fool is almost as wicked as chattering with a witty Man.

Clody. That you would consider, and be that, should it be oft-times as good Company as the Sea, and you have not your Fortunes by it, but you forget to consider.

Cora. Ah, friend, my dear, Clodpate, we must leave you; your Servant, Madam, will you let me see you soon?

Cora. My dear, how you contriv'd this?

Clody. Shall you wait on me?

Cora. I shall not, but I shall see you another time, but now I must beg your pardon.

Clody. Ah, friend, my dear, Clodpate, I warrant you they are men of honour.

Clody. Come, I am your friend, will you go? [Ex. Luc. and Cora.]

Clody. Madam, how you contriv'd this? [Ex. Clodpate.]

Enter Clodpate, and Woody as Messengers.

Clody. Madam, how you contriv'd this? will you not go to the Bowling-Green this afternoon?

Woody. Madam, how you contriv'd this? Adieu. [Ex. Woody.]

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Clody. Madam, how you contriv'd this? will you not go to the Bowling-Green this afternoon?

Woody. Madam, how you contriv'd this? Adieu. [Ex. Woody.]

Der. You are strangely mistaken, if you think I desire your Company. But I am sure this is the way to be rid of it. [Aside.]

Frib. I am to meet Mr. *Biker* and some *Chaplin* Neighbours; he likes, my Will is like the Laws of the Maids and Parlor.

Der. I cannot hide my Love and Fears from thee; prethee, Dearest, kiss me.

Frib. Hail again, Peace; I shall be much offended.

Der. Thou art a naughty Man, and always abroad, while I am languishing for thee; and I have thee but two days in a week at *Byson*.

Frib. Know your Lord and Master; and be subject to my Government; I thought but a *Haberdaasher* will be as absolute a Monarch over you, as the great Turk over his Sultan Queen.

Der. Well, I can but submit and weep for thy absence.

Frib. Can't you keep Company with Mrs. *Biker*?

Der. What thou pleases, my Dear.

So you'll go and not hinder me from better Company. [Aside.]

Frib. Well, I have the most *Virtuous*, and best Govern'd Wife in all the Ward; but I must observe Discipline, and keep a strict hand over her.

Der. I am an unfortunate Woman not to have thy Company; so I am.

Enter Mrs. Biker.

Mrs. Biker. What, in Tears, Mrs. *Wells*? which that naughty man, out on thee, thou art a shame to all Husbands, thou wouldst be criminous to command thy own Wife; wouldst thou use thy own flesh, thy own self, out upon thee.

Frib. I am my own Master, and will be so.

Mrs. Biker. Althou art a good one, *Wells*, and thou wilt make me teach thee better manners.

Frib. *Dirnly*, Listen not to this loud Woman, her Husband is a speaking, sulking Cuckold; if you should be like her, I would make you such a terrible Example! Mrs. *Biker*, you are impatient, were I your Husband, I would swinge you much.

Mrs. Biker. Swinge me, say you, I could tear my Eyes out. *Wells*, if you provoke me, I'll show you what the Courage of an angry Woman can do.

Der. Nay, good Mrs. *Biker*, Mr. *Frib* is the good Man for all his passion.

Mrs. Biker. Swinge me.—

Biker. That Woman is as outrageous as a *Mitch Bear* that wants her *Bread-bail*. [Exit.]

Mrs. Biker. Come, Neighbour, you are a shame to all Wives to be so tame and foolish; pluck up a Spirit, and order him as I do my *Biker*.

Der. This is the only way to order a fussy Husband.

Mrs. Biker. I am ashamed of you, you betray our cause; submit to a Husband; I'd fain see that Husband that I'd crouch to. I say again, pluck up a Spirit; I keep a strict hand of Discipline over mine.

Enter

Enter Bisk.

Here he comes, you shall see how I order him.

Bisk. How now, my pretty Dear, poor Duck.

Mrs. Bisk. Duck, you Widgeon; how came you and I so familiar? observe me now.

Bisk. Well, *Mrs. Frizzle*, 'tis such a pretty Rogue, and has such pleasant Fancies with her, ha, ha, ha. I protest and vow, I could kiss the very ground she goes on. If she would eat Gold, nay, Pearls and Diamonds, she should have them, I vow and swear.

Mrs. Bisk. You Beast, you had best be drunk agen, ifaith I'll order you, I'll keep you in better awe, you shall neither have Candle nor Custard for this week.

Bisk. Nay, good Dear, be not so cruel, I protest and vow I could not help it: my Neighbour *Frizzle* is a very merry man, I could not forbear, we were at it, Tory Rory, and sung old Role, the Song that you love so, Duck.

Then shall have any thing, then shall have me, &c.

Mrs. Bisk. Ay, Mr. *Frizzle* maintains his Wife like a Lady, and she has all things about her as well as any Woman in the Parish, he keeps her the prettiest pacing Nag with the finest Side-saddle of any Womans in the Ward, and lets her take her pleasure at *Esom* two months together.

Dora. Ay, that's because the Air's good to make one be with Child; and he longs mightily for a Child; and truly, Neighbour, I use all the means I can, since he is so desirous of one.

Bisk. All this thou shalt do, my Dear; I'll omit nothing that shall please thee.

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, you Nicompoop, you are a pretty Fellow to please a Woman indeed.

Bisk. But prethee, my Dear, let me go to the Bowling-green to my Neighbours: would I might ne'er stir, if I drink above a Pint of Wine, or a Quart of Mum for my share at most.

Mrs. Bisk. You impertinent Puppy, I wonder you have the impudence to ask me such a question.

[She gives him a slap on the face.]

Bisk. *Mrs. Frizzle*, my pretty *Dolly* has some humors, but this is the worst you'll see of her.

Dora. How rarely she orders a Husband; I vow I think I must pluck up a spirit as she does, that's the truth on't.

Mrs. Bisk. Where's Mr. *Rains*, you Lolpoo? Do you think you shall go, and be not here?

Bisk. O Duck, he'll be here presently, and send thee a kiss by me.

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, I warrant he'd kiss such a fellow as thee.

Bisk. I vow he did; prethee take it of me, my Dear.

Mrs. Bisk. I'll swear he's a fine person. Well, because it comes from him, I'll take it: he's the compleatest Man, and so courteous and well-bethaw'd.

Bisk. Now thou let me go.

Mrs. Bisk. No, not till he comes.

Bisk. Nay, good Dear.

Mrs. Bick. I tell you, you shall not, get you in.

Bick. Pray, Duck, now.

Dora. I never saw any thing so admirable as this Disposition of hers; I am resolv'd to try any *Fribble*, that's once.

Bick. Why, look here he is now already.

Enter Rains.

Dora. Off me! Is he acquainted with her?

Mrs. Bick. Does he know her?

Bick. I'll deal away and say nothing.

Mrs. Bick. Come, Mr. *Rains*, let's in. *Mrs. Fribble*, your Servant.

Dora. Madam, I'll wait on you in; Mr. *Rains* will not think my Company troublesome.

Mr. Bick. Ah, shame on her.

We shall entertain you best fit. Mr. *Rains* is pleas'd to come and play at Chess with me, 'twill be no sport to look on.

Dora. I'll make one at Chess, that's better than any two-handed Game.

Mrs. Bick. I do not think so, by your leave, Madam *Fribble*, Oh impertinence!

Dora. Well then, I'll be content to be a looker on for once. She would fain have him to her self, but I'll look to her for that.

[Exit Rains, Dorothy, Mrs. Bick.]

Enter Mrs. Woodly in a Dining-room.

Mrs. Wood. Mr. *Devil* stays mighty long, pray Heaven he be not diverted by some paltry Citizen's Wife; here are such a Company of them that lye upon the snap for young Gentlemen, as Rooks and Butlers do for their Husbands when they come to Town.

Enter Devil.

Dev. Madam, your Servant.

Mrs. Wood. O Mr. *Devil*, are you come? I vow, I was afraid I had lost you. A Woman that's apt to be jealous as I am, should not make such a person the object of her affections.

Dev. Words are the common payment of those that intend no other. There is no such sign of having been long fasting, as falling to with a good stomach.

Mrs. Wood. I am so afraid you should be seduc'd by some of these naughty Women at Epsom. A shame take 'em, I hate a lewd Woman with my heart. I vow, I do now.

Dev. Madam, I have a very pressing affair that requires some speedy conference with you in your Bed-Chamber.

Mrs. Wood. No, Sir, no——I wonder you have the confidence to ask me, when you were so rude to me there last time.

Dev. I do not know what she calls rude. I am sure I oblig'd her as often as I could there.

Mrs. Wood. One can't be private with you, but you are so unkind presently. I can scarce forgive you; I wonder who learnt you such tricks for my part.

Dev.

Dev. If I were not so backward, she'd soon instruct me. I am not so ill-bred, but I know what I owe to a Lady. Come, Dearest.

Mrs. Wood. Do not ask me, I vow, I won't. You are the strangest Man that I ever met with, you won't let one alone; nay, pish, sic, *Mr. Wood*, aren't you ashamed?

Dev. No more, nay, Dear, come in, come in.

Mrs. Wood. Nay, pish, ha, ha, ha, ha. I vow, you make me blush; get you gone, you naughty man, you.

Dev. You'll make me outrageous; I shall force you, have a care.

Mrs. Wood. Well, I vow you are a pious Man. Will you promise me then to sit still when you are there, and not stir hand or foot?

Dev. Ay, ay, come, come.

Mrs. Wood. Nay, but will you swear?

Dev. Yes, yes, come along, my Dearest, she'll soon dispense with that Oath.

Mrs. Wood. Well, I am so ashamed, I vow, I would not go, but that you said you would force me, and swore too besides.

[As they are going into the Bed-Chamber, enter Peg.]

Peg. Madam, here's my Master just coming in a door. *[Exit Peg, instantly.]*

Mrs. Wood. Heaven! What shall I do?

Dev. Told him I had private business, to get rid of him, and he'll discover all.

Mrs. Wood. Go into the Bed-Chamber, I'll lock it.

Dev. How now will you get rid of him?

Mrs. Wood. Let me alone, this is an unlucky surpris, in quickly.

Dev. If I should be locked up so long till I fall *Dead*, and our fighting appointment, I shall get much honour, I take it. *[Dev. goes in.]*

Mrs. Wood. In, in.

[Exit. Woodly.]

O you unworthy Fellow; have you the impudence to appear before me after your basely usage?

Wood. I thought your fit might have been off by this time.

Mrs. Wood. You shall never be off, thou inhuman Beast; to sit up nights late, and come home drunk and wake me, and lye like a Statue by me all the rest of the night, flesh and blood can't bear it; you make me cry my Eyes out, to see that you'll kill your self by your villainous debauchery.

Woodly while she folds sings. Fa, la, la, la, fa.

Mrs. Wood. Fa, la, la, la, fa—Is that the notice you take of me? If I were not the best Woman in the World, and did not love thee, thou base Fellow, 'twould not trouble me. Oh that I should be so unfortunate, to bewitch'd, in love such a monster of a Man!

Wood. Fa, la, la, la, Oh, Impudence!

Mrs. Wood. I wonder what I should see in thee to love thee so, out on thee for a Villain! Oh, that I could withdraw my affection from thee, thou Brute! but I can't for my life, 'tis that makes me miserable, thou barbarous-wicked Whore!

Wood. If to seek quiet abroad, when one can't have it at home, is a sin, Heaven help the wicked, but per on't.

Mrs. Wood. Ay, now you ban and curse, you Wretch; this you get by keep-

My Company with Wives; or you call them, a Company of wicked Fellows, the Scum of the Nation, Fellows that have no Religion in 'em, that swear and drink, and waste, and never consider me that am disconsolate at home.

Oh the incomprehensible blessings of Matrimony!

Mrs. Wood. If I were so perfidious and false to take pleasure in a Gallant in the absence of my Husband; but I am too honest, too virtuous for that; thou ungrateful Wretch; besides, if my Conscience would give me leave, I love you too well for that, you barbarous base Fellow.

Wood. A Poor other troublesome Virtue, would so Heaven she were a Whore, I should know when what to do with her.

Mrs. Wood. Other Women can be happy, and have their Husbands carry 'em abroad and delight in their Company, and be proud to be seen with them; but I have such an inhumane ingrateful Creature to miscarry.

Wood. Come, come, I confess I am behind hand with you, but I'll pay thee all thy arrears, I have a stock in bank.

Mrs. Wood. Heaven, what shall I do?

Wood. Where's the Key, I'll break open the door.

Mrs. Wood. Let the Key alone, go get you gone, I am not so impatient; but I'll trust you till night, I should leave open the door, and let all my things be lost; go get you gone, you naughty man, I love you too well to hold out long.

Wood. Well, now you're come to your self, and speak reason, and have left off railing, I'll go and encourage my self with eating and drinking well, and return and pay you the promised sum with interest.

Mrs. Wood. Are you gone? Joy be with you, and more with me, Mr. Bevil.

Enter Bevil.

Bevil. Madam, is he gone?

Mrs. Wood. Yes, now I hope we shall be safe from further interruption.

Bevil. 's'Death, this accident has frighted me so, that I am afraid to venture, lest I should be taken Prisoner again, and disappoint the Duellist.

And yet I will; come, Madam.

Peg. Madam, here's Mrs. Jilly coming up to give you a Visit.

Mrs. Wood. Why did you not deny me, Husbands must that vain silly Wench come to trouble us at such a time too.

Bevil. That is his that reports every man that he sees is in love with her, and would marry her, and has been a Whore these seven years; I will take my leave, I see this is an unfortunate day.

Mrs. Wood. No, I'll get rid of her soon by some Trick or other.

Bevil. 'Tis impossible. I'll wait on you an hour or two hence, but now I am engag'd upon my reputation, and must not break my engagement. Your Servant.

Mrs. Wood. In such haste there must be something more than ordinary in it, I long to know it. Peg, go and tell Mr. Bevil at a distance, till you have fixt him somewhere, and let me have an account of the reason of his haste.

Peg. I'll not fail.

Exit.

Epson Wells.

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Enter Rains in the Field.

Rains. I wonder Basil stays so long, this *Mr. Waddy* has no mercy on him, there's some cross accident or other, for methinks after a year or two's intrigue, he should not be so very Terribant a Fellow; if these Rogues Balfies should come; but methinks they are a little slow too. Oh, *Basil*, are you come?

Basil. I beg your pardon, *Jack*, I have been lock'd up to save the Honour of a Lady, whose Husband came in most uncivilly without giving us warning enough of it.

Rains. Was that it? But the Rogues begin to think 'will come to Battle, and their hearts misgive 'em.

Basil. I was afraid of this. A Hector dars no more fight than be honest, and yet his strange they should make it their Trade when they are so little fit for't.

Rains. 'Tis so in all Mankind, they are most violently bent upon the things they are least capable of, as if it were in spite of Nature.

Basil. 'Tis true, so I have observ'd while a wise man that's fit for Employment is restrained by his modesty, your passionate dull Fool thrusts himself forward into policy and business.

Rains. Great dulness qualifies men for great business, there's nothing but order and readin in it; your Mill-Horse is a Creature of great business. The methodical Block-head that is as regular as a Clock, and as little knows why he is so, is the man cut out by Nature and Education for business and government.

Enter Carolina and Lucia disguised.

Hold, here come two sprightly Girls, this may prove the softer and pleasanter encounter of the two.

Caro. I see they are men of Honour, and will answer a Challenge.

Lucia. Now are they meditating on blood, what a disappointment they'll have. Well, men that are so punctual in their anger, would sure be so in their love.

Basil. Ladies, having the Honour to meet you in so solitary a place, we cannot but offer you our Service.

Luc. You look as if you stay'd here to make Ladies stand and deliver.

Enter Peg.

Rains. If you should deliver your best Jewel, I'd be very honest and make but a little use on't for the present, and you should carry it away with you ne'er the worse.

Luc. I know the Law too well to compound a Felony. If you should take any thing of mine, you should e'en keep it as long as you live; but I'd prosecute you for't.

Peg. 'Tis enough, this is *Mr. Basil's* engagement; that's *Carolina*, and the other is *Mrs. Lucia*.

Caro. Ye don't look as if you would make Love, but War; ye have long Swords, and your hair tuck'd up.

Basil.

Bro. If we were never so much inclin'd to War, you have power to soften us into Peace.

Rains. They are pleasant Witches; if they are handsome, we are undone.

Bro. Twice in a day catch'd with Vizor Mask!

Care. What wild Fellows hands are we fallen into? they run at all, you see, they know us not.

Luc. Oh, if witty men had but the constancy of Fools, what Jewels were they?

Rains. Ladies, pray, lay by your disguises, and let's converse upon the square.

Care. You make all prize, Gentlemen; but I'll venture to show my face to you.

Bro. If you'll give out your word not to discover it to your Friend.

Rains. I do, Madam.

Luc. And you shall see me upon that condition.

Bro. Upon my Honour, I shall not discover you.

Rains. Ha, who's this? this is a Trick.

Madam. I confess you are very beautiful: I had the misfortune to lose a Heart this morning in your Company; but I think, Madam, you did not take it up; but my Friend has something to say to you.

Bro. I cannot invade the privacy of my Friend, though I must confess the great temptation excus'd the crime.

Rains. This is the Lady I must apprehend.

Bro. And, Madam, I must seize upon you.

Care. Who says they are not a couple of constant men?

Bro. What, I warrant, you think would not know you?

Luc. O yes, as *Falstaff* did the true Prince by instinct: You are brist men, I see you run at all.

Rains. The wilder we are, the more honour you'll have in catching us.

Bro. 'Tis in our own power to make us a couple of constant dull fellows as ye could wish.

Care. Ye have constancy enough of all constancy for the use we shall have of it.

Luc. And for dulness, for our own sakes we do not wish it you, since I find ye are resolv'd to be acquainted with us, whether we will or no.

Care. Is it not pity that witty men should be so scandalous; that if we converse with them, we must do it with the same privacy that *Strangers* do such.

Bro. If wit be a scandalous thing, you are the most scandalous Women I have met with him; but methinks, Fools should rather be scandalous, since they can have but one way of passing their time with you.

Luc. You rally well, but your wit is never without extravagancy; you drink *Burgundy* perpetually, and Scower as you call it.

Bro. We hate debauching, but love constancy, Madam. And can no more deny a Friend that calls for another Bottle, than you can deny to turn up a Card at *Ombre*.

Rains. We use Wine, Madam, to elevate our thoughts; but Love has don't for me a pleasanter way.

Bro. And, Madam, your Beauty has already reclaim'd me.

Luc. If y^e are as soon drunk as y^e are in love, y^e are the weakest Drinkers in Christendom.

Rains. You see, Madam, the strength and spirit of your Beauty.

Luc. For love I bar you, can't we converse without remembering we are of different sexes?

Car. If you will accept of such conditions, we may sometimes admit you into our Privy-Council.

Rains. Would you have us spend our time like some visiting Fools, that never stirre anymore, than playing at *Dixygiles* with Women, all days of their lives?

Rev. Our communication would then be as dull and insipid, as the mirth of Statesmen.

Enter Cass and Kick.

Luc. *Volens Compas* coming, such scandal has want of discretion brought upon your wit, that we dare not stay with you.

Rains. Let's have the honour to know your Names and Lodgings before you go?

Car. Our Names are *Carolina* and *Lucia*; our Lodging's next House to Mr. *Woods* across the Wells.

Cass. Let's make to the Bowling-Green, we shall be too late to begin to engage with the Citizens. [Car. and Luc. retire.]

Kick. Who are these make toward us?

Luc. What do *Rains* and *Rev.* make up to you two for?

Car. We have done finely, if our feigned Challenge should occasion a real Duel—let's stay and observe.

Rains. Come, Gentleman, you are very late.

Cass. I hope we shall be time enough there.

Rev. I have done scurvily to make us wait so long, we are not us'd to it.

Kick. When the Devil do they mean, *Cass*?

Rev. Come, prepare.

Cass. Prepare, for what?

Rains. A Death, ye Rascals, do you trifle with us? Come, Draw!

Kick. Draw, Sir, why should we draw, Sir?

Cass. What, this is for the Ladies in the morning, ne'er be jealous of us, Gad take me, we resign to ye.

Rains. Why, what impudent Rascals are ye, did not you send this Challenge?

Kick. We send a Challenge, Sir!

Rains. What a couple of hardened Cowards.

Kick. Cowards, Gad take me, ye were never so much in the wrong in your life.

Cass. But I believe if you did not think us Cowards, you'd scarce call us so.

Rev. Ye shall be very much kick'd.

Kick. We scorn to be kick'd, Sir.

Cass. I see some body behind the Trees, *Kick*, draw, and be valiant. Kick'd, byelay? I'd fain see that. [They draw, and fight retiring.]

Enter

- Luc.* Hold, hold, Gentlemen.
- Care.* Hear us, what do you do?
- Luc.* Hold for Heaven's sake.
- Rains.* Oh you nimble footed Rogues! we cannot run so fast forward as you do backward.
- Care.* What's the matter, Gentlemen?
- Ben.* These fellows sent us a Challenge, and then disown'd it.
- Kick.* As Gad mend me, not we. But if we be not excus'd on't.
- Cuff.* What a Fox all they, we never trouble such as they are, if they'll be quiet, we know our men.
- Luc.* No, to our knowledge they did not send the Challenge.
- Care.* The Challenge was sent by better Friends of yours, but such as would be as loth to engage with you at this Weapon, as they are, and would not have discovered this, but to prevent blood.
- Rains.* Oh, is it so, Ladies?
- Ben.* Dearth, what dull Rogues were we. Gentlemen, ye may go.
- Kick.* Well, Sir, fare you well.
- Cuff.* Whocares, you may pay for this though.
- Rains.* Had you a mind to try our courage? Gad, we would have met ye in any ground in Christendom, without being dar'd to't.
- Luc.* We did send the Challenge, and are here to answer ye; make your best on't.
- Ben.* Faith, Ladies, if you shrink from us now, we shall think ye have as little Honour as you Bullies have.
- Care.* We did not doubt your Honour, and, pray, don't you doubt ours.
- Luc.* We know you have too much wit to be vain upon this, and too much generosity to impute it to our weakness. We told ye you should hear from us, and we kept our words, not thinking of this accident.
- Care.* We had no way to quit the obligation you did us in the morning, but this.
- Rains.* But, Ladies, I hope you'll give us leave now, to meet without these preparations, though we should be glad to meet you upon any terms.
- Ben.* Shall we have free admittance?
- Care.* So long as you use your freedom wisely.
- Luc.* But let us now part in the next Field, and when you see us, still take this Rule with you.
- Think not what's pleasant, but what's just, and fit,
And let discretion guide in your wit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Woody and Peg.

Mrs. Woody. A For you sure Benit met with *Caroline*?
Peg. I am sure 'twas one in her dress, and *Mr. Rains* walked with *Mrs. Lucia*; but I do not know but they might meet by accident.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wood. Will you try that. Find some means to convey this Note to *Bevil*,
from *Caroline* and send it to him.

Peg. I will, Madam, and give you an account of it. [Ex. Peg.]

Mrs. Wood. If he be false, I shall soon turn my love into revenge.

Enter Mrs. Filt.

Filt. Madam, I beg your Ladyship pardon, I have staid too long within; my
Maid brought me a Love-Letter from a sweet fine Person indeed, and I vow, I
could not but answer it.

Mrs. Wood. No doubt, you had reason.

Am I sacrific'd to *Caroline*?

[Aside.]

Filt. He's in the saddest condition for me, just for all the world like a man in
a Consumption, I'll swear 'twould grieve your heart to see him: I'll swear it
would, Madam.

Mrs. Wood. And why were you so cruel?

Filt. I vow, I am the strangest person for that in the whole world; I could
not marry a Prince if I did not like his Person strangely, and I have a world of
choice, upon my word that's all, I'll swear it is.

Mrs. Wood. Since you have such choice, why are you unmarried two days?

Filt. I have *Caroline* and *Mrs. Wood*, I am so close and hard to please, and I
vow, I don't care for marriage, but that I would be a little *Bevil* in the World,
that's all, there's *Mr. Bevil*. Oh, he loves me dearly!

Mrs. Wood. Love her, how she flake me.

[Aside.]

Filt. And I'll swear he's a fine person, I have the prettiest, sweetest, delicate
Letters from him every day.

Mrs. Wood. What says she?

[Aside.]

Filt. Your Ladyship will be secret, I know: he has a strange passion for me;
upon my word, he sits and sits with his Arms a-cross, and makes *Down your*
upon me; I'll swear 'twould do your Ladyship good to see him. Now I think
on't, I'll show your Ladyship the kindest Letters from him. I have so many
Love-Letters, I vow, I can scarce find 'em. I have twice as many come to me in
a week. [She pulls out a great bundle of Letters.]

Mrs. Wood. Vain, silly Creature!

Filt. Oh, here's one of his hand!

Mrs. Wood. Heaven, is it his hand!

Mrs. Filt.

Mrs. Wood. *Reverend.* I wonder at the occasion of your mistrust, unless you have been
conversing with some body else; I am very well, and drink much *Hockamere*,
and perhaps have given you more occasion for a *Whisper* than a *Surgeon*.

July 22, 23.

Bevil.

O pernicious Wretch! this is since my Intrigue with him. This will distract
me; I could tear him in pieces.

Filt. Your Ladyship is disturb'd at something.

Mrs. Wood. No, no; but this is a very familiar Love-Letter, as you call it.

Filt. Oh, mischief! that I should put this among the rest of my Letters; but
I'll fetch her down in it, ha, ha, ha.

Mrs. Wood. What's the cause of your laughter?

Filt.

70. He, he, he, to be what a ridiculous little fellow you'll find there's a
Wench in Crown Garden of my Name, and Mr. Bevil may bring the Norton
me instead of her; I'll swear he did, he, he, he.

Mrs. Wood: Oh, Impudence

51b. We had such a quarrel about it; I did not speak to him for three days after. I row, I did not. [Enter Peg.

ter, I row, I did not. Mrs. Wood. How now, Pops? What News of Beaulieu and I, dear Madam?

Fig. I got a maid of my acquaintance to deliver the Note to him, which he received with the greatest joy imaginable, and said, he would wait on the King standy.

Mr. Wood. Oh perfidious Wretch! I'll go to him immediately. Excuse me.
Mrs. Wood. I am in great haste.

Mr. Y. I am in great haste.
 Mr. Y. Your Servant, Sweet Madam. She's strangely nervous about something.
 Well, now we are alone, Sister, I'll own this. I hope your Lady knows just
 that we are of Kin.

10. No, not any body else here.

10. No, not my body, all here.
 11. Please keep it secret that I may be able to gain more than
 12. I am, it will further my design.

But I wonder you will not bend all your designs upon Mr. Gaspard.

[illegible]

Next time he comes to visit my father, I'll give you notice.

Enter Clodpate.

Oh, me! he's here to our will, and we alone; remember your C.

On that victorious Field of London! how happy am I that an old
 soldier shall ever be remembered and another slain.

Why? Six weeks, your Father, sent you another for Christmas.

Why? Sir, *because* your father sent you into the *House of*
Breeding, yes, would I *not* play, I am the *Duke of Norfolk, Great*
Steward, and the *Chief Justice* upon the *Virginia*, and did I *not* learn, and could
play in *Leffens* upon the *Viol & Gamba*, before I went to that *city*, *London*,
and Town: out on't?

Class. Ud's bed; this is an ingenious Woman.

Yes, London is the proper place to get a husband in.

York. On Jon — I'll leave that rather marry a farmer of forty pound a year in the Country, than a vain, idle, snivelling, foolish London Fellow of two thousand pound a year. On the pleasure of a pretty, innocent Country life!

land bound a year. On the pleasure of a pretty, handsome
Chap. did look the 17th night, as God judge me, there's a joyful Per-
son.

Ed: Oh, how a doll Gilly Country-life.

Clay: A pox on that Carrion, how I could beat her

710. Our ostree for a foolish Witch; what I say, Lady, I'd send thee away
for that word.

By- Pray, pardon me, Madam, I am very glad that your Letter has

File:

Jib. Can't thou tell so after the Song the Fidler sung this morning in praise of the Country? Oh that he were here, I should never be weary of hearing that Song.

Peg. I see him yonder, I'll call him to you.

[*Ex. Peg.*]

Clody. Madam, I have over-heard and admired your excellent Discourse upon the Country.

Jib. Who are you, friend, hold, naming, stirring London? avoid my presence.

Clody. Let's hold, you wrong me, I am a Country Justice, God's look.

Jib. Pray be gone, and leave me, you are some rude London-Fellow; foh, you smell rank on't.

Clody. As God shall save me, she's a fine Person: if I were not engag'd to Caroline, I should like her strongly.

Enter Peg and Fidler.

Peg. Here's the honest Fellow that sings the Song, Madam.

Jib. I have nothing to say to him, I am troubled with an impertinent Fellow here, and he shall not sing.

Clody. By your leave, Madam, 'tis in praise of the Country, and he shall sing. Sing, dear Rogue.

Oh, how I adore

The sweetest smell of the Town,

The Clamour of War,

The glittering Coat, the formidable Gun,

The soldier's adventure,

The Clamor of the City,

The roaring of Cannons,

And the noise of the musketry and drums!

Clody. Admiration!

But give me the man from all vanity free,

With good sense of Land,

And a Country Command,

Who best I love.

Who Justice does us, and the Nation's law,

And who from his own Country principle draws

That rule is the man for us.

Jib. Very fine.

While the glittering vain Gallies in London confound

His Elms in their Clarks and Perfumes,

And with drinking and feasting corrupt all his health;

Or on Poles and on Stakes spend his youth and his youth,

That shall be the man for us, and the man for us.

5012203

Clod. Adorable and loved blood I shed now at this place.

*Give me the good man that lives on hill top ground, nor min-
And within his own bounds bred, I shall dwell I must.*

Has room for his Hawk and his Hounds,

Can feast his own Fam'ly with Feats and with muzzles,

And from his own place with good Store of Dollars, and

And not with dam'd Wine, but with good English Ale

O'er their faithful hearts can prevail,

And nothing so virtuous dare

But from his own house let his own Omen

And his own Sheep Black,

While the grateful friends from Babes repeat

This, this is the man that is to be

Excellent, there's a Crown; pray, come and sing this to me twice a day, as long as I stay in Epsom.

Fid. I will, Madam.

Clod. 'Tis a very good one, but we must have, there's even shillings for thee; and if thou wilt live with me in *Suffex*, thou shalt have the *London* again.

Fid. Pardon me, Sir, I was born and bred in *London*, and would not live out on't for five hundred pounds a year.

Yis. Out of you, you scurvy Fellow.

Clod. A por on him for a Rascal. Thou art a very honest Fellow, give me my ten shillings again, and I'll make it a Guinea.

Fid. There 'tis and please you.

Clod. Ay, and here 'tis, and shall be. Do you think I'll let a *London* Rogue carry away ten shillings of my money?

Fid. Why, you will not take it away then?

Clod. Yes, I will; and you may thank Heaven that it is necessary in a *Magistrate* to break heads. Be gone, you insolent Rascal, lest you should tempt me to consent to break yours.

Fid. What the Devil, are they both mad? farewell.

[*Ex.*]

Clod. An insolent *London* Rogue, to sing against his Conscience, but pray, Madam, let me salute you, you're a fine person.

Yis. No, Sir, fare you well; Sir, you're a stranger, fare you well, I am none of chile.

[*Ex. Yis.*]

Clod. Who's this, Mrs. *Margery*?

Peg. She's a *Parson* of *Quality* comes to *Epsom* for her pleasure, I must wait on her.

[*Ex. Peg.*]

Clod. She's a fine Lady, but I must to *Caroline*.

[*Ex. Clod.*]

Mrs. Caroline wait to me to meet her alone? She's very frank; let me see, she says meet me alone, that we may freely confer about our fair, which nearly

concerns

concerns no body. 'aDeath I have dropt my Letter, unlucky accident. I must go back for it. I cannot now, she's here. [Enter Mrs. Woodly disguised.]

'Tis a solitary place, and I hope no body will find it.

Mrs. Wood. Ah, false wretch! how punctual he is.

Rev. Ah, my dear *Carolina*.

Mrs. Wood. Ah, my cursed Devil.

Rev. I have not words enough to acknowledge and thank you for this favour.

Mrs. Wood. Nor I words enough to upbraid you for this injury.

Rev. How now, what is the dumb? Madam, you see how conscientious I am in my duty of assination; you shall always find me a man of Honour.

Mrs. Wood. Yes, I thank you, you are a man of Honour.

Rev. 'aDeath, Mrs. Woodly! how unlucky is this, she'll stay too, and prevent my meeting with *Carolina*; I am undone, I must conceal the Intrigue. Nothing but impudence can bring me off.

Mrs. Wood. How worthy man.

Rev. You do well, pray, who was this assination made to? I can watch your private haunts, you see, Madam.

Mrs. Wood. Are you past all sense of modesty?

Rev. We shall soon see your *Love* here. I suppose.

Mrs. Wood. Have I caught you, and do you accuse me? I have been virtuous and as constant to my Intrigue as any Woman breathing: have I not had as many Addresses made to me by the fine persons of the Town and Court as any Lady has?

Rev. And have refus'd as few. I'll say that for you.

Mrs. Wood. Have I not deny'd all, to be constant to you?

Rev. Gad, I hate constancy in a Woman, after a little while; especially in an impertinent one, as much as constancy in a Quarantine-Ague.

Mrs. Wood. And all this to be betrayed to *Carolina*? perditional man!

Rev. Ha, ha, ha——I knew I should catch you; there was no way I knew to make you show your face, but my pretending to another; *Carolina*, I think, I call'd her.

Mrs. Wood. Oh, abominable treachery! I forged that Letter from *Carolina*, which you even now received with the greatest joy imaginable: Ungrateful man!

Rev. Well, give me your little Pinck, for Marriage is not so troublesome as the impertinence of your Whore of Honour.

Mrs. Wood. Have I deserv'd this from you?

Rev. Well, I confess you have catcht me. I was indeed amaz'd at the Letter, having only heard of *Carolina*, and had a curiosity to see the meaning on't.

Mrs. Wood. Yes, 'twas curiosity made you walk with her in the Forenoon, in a Field beyond the New-*Ion*.

Rev. 'aDeath, how came she to know it?

Whatsthat *Carolina*?

Mrs. Wood. As if you did not know it, inhumane Creature. Nor is this all; I saw a Letter just now to one Mrs. *Tub*, wherein you tell her you have given her more occasion for a Midwife than a Surgeon.

Rev.

Dev. 'Death, how come she to see this, she deals with the Devil?

Mrs. Wood. You shall find, ungrateful man, that love does us naturally desperate into revenge, as Wine into Vinegar: do you think me, a virtuous Lady, a Lady of Honour, for such a Creature, without any consideration of my Quality?

Dev. For on her Quality. This is all a mistake, Madam.

Mrs. Wood. I know your Hand too well for that: you might sell your little tawdry, mercenary Creatures so, that flatter about the Town in their most ill-bred bravery: but a Woman of my Quality—

Dev. Well, however 'tis in other things, I would have no liberty of Confidence in whoring: I would have none but those Women hold forth that are in lawful Orders, 'tis the more failed way, and has more the face of Discipline.

Mrs. Wood. If I be not reveng'd for this—

Enter Woody with a Note in his hand.

Wood. How the Devil came *Devil* to lose this Note is the *Fields*, *Caroline* appoints to meet him privately? I thought he ne'er had seen her—Death how she jilts me.

Reads. *That we may freely confer about an Affair which nearly concerns us both.* Caroline.

Hill and Devil be with her there; I'll stand behind 'em and surprise 'em. So, *Devil*, is this your private business?

Mrs. Wood. My Husband, I dye, I dye.

Dev. You have done well, you have frighted a Lady into a swoon; Heaven knows what will become of her.

Wood. I knew she would be surpris'd.

Dev. Unlucky man.

Wood. Death, *Devil*, you'll kiss her, pull off her Mask, and give her more air.

Dev. Pray forbear, Sir, you are not to see her: she awakes.

Mrs. Wood. Give her more air, quoth'st? how he frightens me?

Wood. Good, Sir, let, make a secret on's no longer, she may as well unmask, she and I are no strangers to one another.

Mrs. Wood. What says he?

Dev. You may have seen her, but you are not acquainted with him.

Wood. Alas, methinks I leave fooling.

Dev. Upon my Honour you are not—

A Gentleman ought in Honour to sue for his mistress.

Wood. I could never believe a Country Gentleman that sweats and lyes for the honour of his Horse, when he is selling him.

Mrs. Wood. He knows me, I am lost, and gone for ever.

Dev. Whatever happens, do not discover your self.

Wood. I am oblig'd to you, you can be kind to others.

Mrs. Wood. Can any thing be more plain?

Dev. Prithoe, *Woody*, trouble us no further; I leave you, you neither do, nor shall know this Lady.

Wood. Is it so? Part you well, I will let 'em alone at present. [Ex. Woody, Dev.]

Dev. He'll go home, and discover that 'tis you.
Mrs. Wood. As good luck would have it, I have the Key of the back Gate, and can be there before him; I hope I shall hear him down that it was not I.

[*Exit Mrs. Wood.*]

Dev. I doubt not. Oh Woman, Woman! impudence and invention never fail thee at a pinch.

[*A noise within of rub, rub, narrow, short, goes a thousand yards, and such like words of Bowlers.*]

Enter Bicker, Fribble, Cuff, and Kick.

Cuff. Come, Mr. Bicker, let's hold 'em Cother Game.

Bick. As I am an honest man, I have lost all my money.

Frib. And so have I, and yet you bow'd like an Emperour, Neighbour Bickers, the two last Games, but Mr. Cuff's hand was quite out.

Bick. A Devil take it, we never can one Game since Mr. Kick laid against us, and in my Confidence and Soul he is a Witch, for Mr. Cuff at'er plaid well after.

Cuff. I'll make you amends if you'll play again.

Frib. But we have no Money.

Kick. I have got in you a hundred, you shall have it bowing you.

[*Mrs. Bicker and Mrs. Fribble look on at the Window.*]

Bick. No, we'll drink a Bottle first and tell my thighs who mitch bowling. Cods me, yonder are our Wives looking out at the Window to see us bowl; poor Rogues, Plack we'll have a Bottle with them. I warrant you, they have been dancing in a Barn yonder, with some Neighbours, I hear their Fiddles.

Dev. Mr. Robin is not yonder; I'll swear he's rare company.

Mrs. Bick. A Marraun take you; and you had not troubled us with your impudence, he had been better company to me to day than he was. [*Exit.*]

Dev. Yonder are our Husbands, I am resolv'd as you have advis'd me to pluck up a spirit. But let's down to 'em now, for fear we lose 'em. [*They go down.*]

Bick. Now here's my Wife, I'll be bold to say, I'll show you the handsomest Woman in *Epith.*

Frib. It must be my Wife then, I'll tell you that.

Bick. Your Wife handsomer than mine? that's pleasant, ha, ha.

Cuff. This may prove as good as bowling with them.

Kick. I never saw two so cut out for honest game suffering Cuckolds.

Cuff. There are many as sit here, if their Wives be as handsome as they say theirs are.

Frib. Come, I'll hold you to a to-be spent, and these Gentlemen shall be Judges here.

Bick. With all my heart. But I am sure mine is the prettiest, neatest, nicest Woman in the Ward.

Frib. I have seen our Minister stare at my Wife in her Pew. Will he be again in his pew, that's so pretty. And you shall see Gentlemen, what discipline I keep her in, 'tis the obedientest young Creature!

Bick. Nay, mine has more humours, but they become her so prettily, and 'tis the

the sweetest little Rogue! I vow he has had more temptations than any Woman in *Cheshire*, never till.

Frib. More temptations than my Wife, I learn your words. There are a company of the bravest Gallants come to my Shop to see her, and she'll not speak to any of them—I faith not she.

Bisk. I have known Knights, nay, Lords in love with my Wife, and she does make such Fools of 'em all. Poor Rogue, ha, ha, ha, my dear Lamb, art thou come?

Enter Mrs. Bisket and Dorothy.

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, you see, but isn't not time for you to come home? Mr. *Rains* has been gone this three hours.

Bisk. I told you she had some humours. Pretty Duck, I thank now, I have catch'd you, I'll give you a Bottle of Wine and a Quart of Mum.

Frib. These are my Friends, Gentlemen, an please you.

[He presents them to his Wife and they salute her.]

Bisk. This is my Duck, Gentlemen.

[They salute Mrs. Bisket.]

Has not my Lamb a rare way of killing? I warrant you for the Wager, Neighbour.

Frib. I hear you not.

Cuff. What admirable Cackolds and Bobbles have we met with.

Frib. Now, Gentlemen, shall we have some more of the same?

Bisk. But here's a delicious Eye-brow, and sweet rowling wanton Eye: She's my *Coccyzus*, my pretty Pigeon, as *Adam* nobly has it.

Kick. Excellent fine.

Mrs. Bisk. Alas, alas! I, but what do you mean by this, you are always fooling them before Company.

Bisk. Peace, I have laid a Wager on thy head against Mrs. *Fribble*.

Frib. Here are pretty plump red lips.

Bisk. But see my Ducks teeth, and smell her sweet breath. Breathe on 'em, Duck.

Frib. Here's pured and white, here's a shape.

[He turns her round.]

Cuff. Most admirable.

Frib. 'Tis your goodness, Sir.

Kick. These Fools praise their Wives, as Horse-Couriers do their Horses, to put 'em off.

Bisk. Præhee Dear, do but shew them a little of your Foot and Leg, good Duck, now if thou lov'st me, do præhee now.

Mrs. Bisk. Well, well, so I can: there 'tis.

Bisk. A little higher, but up to your Garter, good Lamb.

Mrs. Bisk. You are such a simple Fellow.

Cuff. Oh, 'tis charming!

Mrs. Bisk. You are so obliging really.

Frib. Here's a fine round small white hand.

Kick. Extreme fine.

Mrs. Frib. You are pleased to Complement.

Frib. Now you shall see how obedient my Wife is, she durst as well eat her Nails as refuse what I command. Do I, pray kiss these two Gentlemen immediately. Now you shall see.

Der.

Deb. Eng. Dear, what do you mean?
Frib. How now, Hufwife, dare you dispute my Commands, hah?
Deb. Be not angry, I must obey.
Kick. Your Servant, dear Madam.
Cass. Your humble Servant.
Frib. Look you, did I not tell you what discipline she was under?
Bick. Good sweet dear Lamb, do thee as much if thou lov'st me do.
Mrs. Bick. Not for your bidding: but they shall find I am not behind Mrs.
Fribbie in good breeding.
Bick. Gentlemen, my Dear shall salute you too.
Frib. Ay, it won't do.
Kick. Your Servant, dear Lady.
Cass. Sweet Madam, your humble Servant.
Frib. Come now, let's in, and be very merry, and decide the Wager.
Kick. Allons, this is the most extraordinary adventure, but you know we have a weighty Affair in hand; our Bullies will be all ready immediately.
Cass. We'll swinge the Rascals, *Bow* and *Brwil*: but we must make haste, this is the time they use to come to the Bowling-Green, we'll meet them.
Frib. There is another weighty affair. *Chab* is to dust his Stand of Ale, and he must be buidled: we have not long to stay with 'em.
Cass. We must borrow our horses of 'em for a while.
Frib. Gentlemen, will you please to walk in?
Cass. Come on. [Ex. *ambr.*]
Enter Rains and Lucia.

Luc. A man of wit and make love, leave off this foolish old fashion'd subject: I'd have all discourse between us tend to something.

Rains. 'Tis as unreasonable for a young Lady not to entertain love, as for a Judge or a Bishop to make love.

Luc. Love is so foolish and scandalous a thing, none now make use of any thing but ready money.

Rains. Methinks, ready Love is a pretty thing.

Luc. But there are few in this Age have it about 'em.

Rains. I have as good a Stock, and am as full of love, Madam.

Luc. That you squander it away upon every one you see, as a young Prodigal newly of age, treats and pays reckonings for every body.

Rains. How prodigal soever I have been, I am resolv'd to take up in my expenses, and reserve all my love for you.

Luc. For me? I am as hard to be fix'd as you: I love liberty as well as any of ye.

Rains. Say you so? Faith let's make use of it.

Luc. Not the lewd liberty you mean; Come, to divert us better, go a little further, and try the Echo, here is an extraordinary one that will answer you to as much purpose as I can.

Rains. 'Tis a fine Echo, but Madam. [Ex. *Rains and Lucia.*]

Enter Woodly and Carolina.

Carv. Nothing but love, love: always one Note like a Cuckoo.

Wood.

Wood. Fine Girl, I can no more restrain myself than I can my lights and revolutions can I must.

Cara. Can I suffer this any longer without punishment to my house and honour, let me hear no more, you will not suffer me to do so.

Wood. I am too loyal to rebel against you, but I may damn your evil Counsellors, your vices and misdeeds.

Cara. You'll find that impossible.

Wood. Virtue and Chastity are the only ways to live, every such Woman shall be thought vicious, or at least a Lawyer with a tatter'd Gown.

Cara. If you resolve to persist in this Subject, I will tell the story of your Lady before I treat further.

Wood. Say you so, Madam? there's a pleasure that tells my Looking, the delicate waiting there at this time of day.

Cara. When my you, Sir?

Wood. No, no, Madam, you were not there, you have not what I mean.

Cara. What Riddle's this of yours?

Wood. But the Lady was not to sit to half of her face, not discover her face, though for more Air.

Cara. You are mad, that I confess it was not so.

Wood. Oh Woman-kind, the Original of all Woe, I cannot be true upon his Honour, I did not know her, but I could read her Note, it would not do.

Cara. This is so extravagantly ridiculous, it deserves no serious Answer.

Wood. Here's Brother, I'll not show the Riddle, I have an opportunity to push this business home. Please you, show me the Riddle.

Cara. Does he know of our interview?

Wood. What mean'st thou, Frank?

Wood. You are not acquainted with this Lady, no.

Bro. I wish nothing more than the acquaintance of so fine a Lady.

Wood. What impudence is this that makes thee fool with me any longer than?

Frank. I know, he is not acquainted with my Cousin Lucia either. No, no, come, come, you may show your self, your intrigue is discovered.

Wood. What intrigue, Frank?

Wood. Cousin Lucia, your Servant: I see, Sir, you can serve your self without the help of your Friends.

Bro. Is this his Cousin Lucia?

Luc. Oh! Is that the Intrigue? These two Gentlemen refused us this morning from the influence of two Masters.

Cara. Yes, and with their swords protected us from their violence, and removed the affront.

Luc. We are not so ungrateful to disown them that had oblig'd us so much.

Cara. This morning was the first time they ever saw us.

Wood. You are grown very foolish already.

Cara. If he, you are not content'd, I assure you.

Wood. I fear too much. But how do you like *Lady*, *Jack*?
have you a design of lying with her one way or other?

Rains. *Mum, Woody*, as I will discover all your Rogueries to your Lady Bright at home; be assur'd I like her too well to dishonour her. But so divest this

Wood. What a Devil's this?

Dev. We are fallen into an Ambuscade of Fiddlers.

Luc. Do you conjure?

Cara. You charm the Air to give us Sounds.

Rains. The truth is, Madam, tis a Trap I have laid for you, and you have no way but to dance your self out on't.

Cara. No, then I am resolv'd to stay my self as long as I can. Play a Jig.

Enter Clodpate with a Dog.

Clodp. What you are merrily with your Fiddles. I have been hustling up and down for Madam *Caroline*; I came to present you with some Country Partridges; here's dear *Trey*, a *Asser-Dog*, as he is for you; Oh he ranges with such mettle, and points so true. Poor *Trey*, God I love and honour him.

Dev. That *Trey* is the best dog that ever was.

Clodp. Pray, Madam, kiss him.

Cara. Kiss a Dog?

Clod. A Dog, 'tis fitter for her, as sweet a breath as any man. I won't say Lady has. Your *Starry London-Ladies* feed their Dogs at their Tables, and have joints of Mutton roasted on purpose for 'em, and make them their bed-fellows for want of better. But since you don't love a Dog, Madam, I'll be bold to say, yonder's the beautiful *Pet Dapple Mare* of mine that my Man leads there. There's a *Buttock*, Madam, how clean he treads upon her Patterns. There's a Body round as a Barrel; there's a Head and Neck finely rais'd, a delicate broad Chest. God's'ooks she's the finest fore-handed Mare in Christendom; there's Beauty, and you talk of *Starry*.

Rains. He describes his Mare so passionately, I shall begin to suspect her virtue.

Clodp. But I must desire some words with you in private.

Cara. I am going to visit now; but shortly I will hear you.

Clodp. I had waited on you sooner, but that I have been giving out Warrants, and binding some *London Rogues* to the Peace, and the like. Thus I represent the *King's Perjury*.

Cara. But are the worst pictures of him that ever I saw.

Clodp. I am content, Madam, to employ my self in business, and to serve my Country, while your *London Sparks*, insatiable, illiberal Swines follow their beastly lusts and sensual pleasures. Poor *Fools*, I pity 'em.

Wood. Why, we have Justices of the Peace that serve the Nation at *London*.

Clodp. What, honest ones? thank you for that; they are the greatest Malcontents there; they make a stony Trade out of the Suburbs with Bribes received from *Wine*, *Whore*, and *Shop-lifts*, with the Taxes they raise from *Importing Wines*, and *Contributions* from *Exchequer Bards*; but Gentlemen, will you desire a man to be so?

Rains. We are all engag'd.

Kick. Here they are, they shall find that none shall affront any of our Gang upon this.

Eng. As long as we Bullies hold together, we defy the World, we'll chastise their insolence: fall on.

[They fight, and Lucas and Carolina break and run away.]

Kick. Come, have at you.

Rains. How now.

Eng. Rogues.

Wood. You Dogs.

Clodp. Hold, I commend you in the King's Name, keep the Peace. I am a Justice of *Quorum*, and represent the King's Person. I say, keep the Peace, or I'll bind you all over to the Sessions.

Eng. Let's pursue the Rogues, and now we have won the field, take them Prisoners.

Rains. Darn 'em, they are not worth our pursuit, I know two of 'em, and shall find out the rest.

Clodp. Go, I say, and bring 'em before me, and I will bind 'em to the Peace, and make 'em be of good abearing till the next Sessions, or they shall forfeit their Recallence.

Eng. We are oblig'd to you for your help, you fought bravely.

Clodp. 'Tis very inducive for a Magistrate to fight, I will give you Laws.

Eng. 'Tis of his Cowardize, but what care we for Rogues? *[Exeunt.]*

Rains. Let's find the Ladies, I'll tell you as we go. *[Exeunt.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Clodpate, two Country-Fellows, Cuff, and Kick in Country Habits.

Kick. These Disguises have done us Knights Service.

Cuff. Hell begin to be drunk by and by, press the Person upon him, or try Coal under the Candlestick, even or odd with a Wincis, or the good Game of Put, for I find he hates Dice.

Clodp. Come, Gentlemen, put about a Cup of Ale. 'Tis stingo Pfaff, is not this better than your foolish Frenchish new Care? This is of the growth and product of our own Country, and we are the noble Manufacture of Ale. How say you? come fill all.

Comm. His Worship is a notable man in the Politicks as well as Justice of England, no difference.

Clodp. He has been Head-pier of his own.

Clodp. Fitting ones? Oh Gentlemen, things do not go well: There's the first, the Trade I was speaking of, why, it signifies not a farthing to us, for look you, if the Manufacture or Commodity exported, is not equal to the Commodity imported, we must ruin our Trade, that's the demonstration. Now

we send them money in specie for foolish superfluities, for Carrans to make Mince-pyes with; it grieves my heart to think on't: but come, dust it away.

Kick. Your Worship speaks like an Oracle.

Clodp. Then there is your Canary Trade takes away not one of our Manufactures. Well, no more to be said, I am not thought worthy, but here's to you. [Drinks.]

Cass. A very politick Coxcomb. [Aside.]

1 Count. What News is there in the Gazette, an't please you?

Clodp. Why, there 'tis. We keep a pother about the honest Dutch, I say nothing, but I hate French Fritasies and Ragousts, and French Dances too; but no more to be said, fill agen. Gud' looks, here's your true English Ale and your true English Hearts. [He Drinks.]

2 Count. I portest he's incomparable man.

Clodp. In the meantime poor *Poles*'s in danger, and yet *Sobieski*'s a pretty man, and *Wisniewski*, and *Lubomirski*, and *Potoski* too pretty men, very pretty men; but, alas! they are but men, we ne'er think of assisting 'em, and poor Poland may be lost, and we are in a fine condision; but here's t'other Pot. [All drink.]

Kick. Excellent Coxcomb! but what hurt can the loss of Poland do us, Sir?

Clodp. Lord, that you should ask such a question, why 'twill spoil our Trade of Tin, no people in the World can make Latin Ware, or work our Tin well, but they; the *Germans*, indeed pretend to it: this would trouble a man that loves his Country as I do.

2 Count. What Religion are they of in Poland, an't please your Worship?

Clodp. Why, they are Christians, they are not within the Pale indeed, but they are very good out-here.

Cass. Let's ply him hard. Come, here's a Health to all your Deputy Lieutenants.

Clodp. Come on, I hope to be one my self, I serve the Nation upon a true Country-principle, and have as many friends as any man upon a National account.

1 Count. Here's News from *Dittis*, an't please your Worship, what place is that? I ask'd our Minister, and he could not tell me.

Clodp. Fie upon him, why *Dittis* is a Town in *Pomerania*, a very fine Town: but fill agen.

Kick. Here's a Health to the Bishop of *Adulster*.

Clodp. Excuse me, Sir, he's a Popish Bishop, and I'll drink ne'er a Popish Health on 'em all; he's a Clergy-man, and run up and down souldiering and fighting! truly he may be ashamed on't; and he were a godly man, he'd stay at home and preach, I hate a lazy Bishop that won't preach; but here's my Cup. Come on, Udsooks, I begin to be fond.

Cass. That's good News, Kick.

Clodp. Well, *Poland*'s a brave Nation, and they have a Company of the fiercest magnanimous Fellows, your *Jukies*, *Osikies*, *Iriskies*, *Onskies*, *Eriskies*, and the *Cessaks* upon the *Ukraine*, there's a Monarchy as it should be, every thing governed by the great Council. Uds bud they have the best Diet in Christendom.

2 Count.

Count. Nay, with his Wenchlike leave, as they have better Dint than I can
 life bear. I'll be satisfied.

Count. An's please your Worship we'll present you with a Country dance;
 we have Companions without, if you please, Sir.

Clara. With all my heart. *[Dance of two Clowns and two Country Wenchs.]*
 Uds bad, my head begins to turn round; but let's into the House. 'Tis dark,
 we'll have one *Belladonna* there, and then *Bona Noctis*, I must to my Mistress,
 she's the prettiest Rogue.

Sings. Her Lips are two Beladders of Claret,
 Where first I began to miscarry,
 Her Breasts of delight
 Are two Bottles of white,
 And her Eyes are two Cups of Canary.

Enter Rains.

Rains. Mrs. Yill appointed to meet me here, she's handsome; and I hope
 sound. I love *Louis* even to the ransacking of Wine and good Company; but
 flesh and blood is not able to hold on her thus without some refreshment by
 the bye.

Enter Mrs. Yill.

Yill. O are you here! well you think me a strange confident person to meet
 you thus; but if I had not known you to be a fine sweet man, and 'tis dark, and
 you cannot be my blunder, Sir, I would have suffered all the circumstances in the
 World before I would have done it. I'll swear I would.

Rains. With circumstances can you suffer, pretty Mrs. Yill.

Yill. No, 'tis no matter what I suffer, Alas! Alas!

Rains. What's the matter?

Yill. I am the most unhappy Lady in the whole World, I'll swear, oh, ha;
 but 'tis no matter, I may thank my self for't, I vow.

Rains. What have you lost Friends or Money?

Yill. No, no, I have something nearer my heart than all that. 'Tis not mo-
 ney that I care for, I'll swear, not I.

Rains. I find that some body has catch'd you, you are in Love.

Yill. If I were not in Love, I were a happy Woman; but now I am the most
 unfortunate Maid in the whole World. I'll swear, oh, oh.

Rains. Fy on't, young and pretty, and despair in this Age.

Yill. Oh, but this is so fine, so excellent a Person, he'll never love me, I am
 ruin'd, oh, oh.

Rains. Who is this bewitching Man?

Yill. Oh it's no matter, alas! who cares what becomes of me? a poor in-
 considerable person, tho' none can say I am not a Gentlewoman, and well bred,
 but 'tis no matter. Oh, oh, but the Gentleman is no ill Friend of yours, upon
 my word, now.

Rains. Prithers who is it?

Yill. A great acquaintance of Mr. Rains, a *Notion* Gentleman.

Rains.

John. I doubt, he won't put this upon me at last, he's acquainted with none of my Country but my self. *[Aside.]*

John. He's the wisest, finest, handsomest, well-bred Gentleman in the whole World, I'll swear.

Reins. Prigme tell his Name, I can be secret.

John. The first Letter of his Name is R: but why should I say so much? I am a lost Woman, he'll never love me, oh, oh.

Reins. I thought not by your fine Description; yet by my Country and my Name you would persuade me, that I am the happy Man.

John. *[She kisses his hand.]* Now shall I never see you again, you'll hate me for my confidence. Oh that my Tongue should betray me thus! Oh that I had bit it out before I had said this! Oh my heart will break, I'll swear.

Reins. Gad, her Tears have mollifi'd me: It shall ne'er be said a Woman shall dye under my hands; but she might have brought it about without all these Circumstances. *[Aside.]*

John. Oh unfortunate Woman! I know you'll hate me for this, oh, oh.

Reins. No, my Dear, I am none of those, do but step into my Lodging where there's a good Convenience as can be; and if I do not give you a good proof of my affection —

John. Good Sir, you shall have me for a Strumpet? No, Sir, I'll have you to know I am no such, I swear.

Reins. I know you are modest; but Lovers should lay by that.

John. I lay by my modesty! Heaven forbid, you are a wicked libidinous woman; I wonder you have the confidence to affront one of my Cluth and Breeding thus like a base man.

Reins. Oh, oh, all this talk of love is a trick, is it? you might have plac'd it better, good Madam *John.*

John. No, Sir, it is no trick, and that you should find, if you would but —

Reins. But what?

John. But marry me, that's all I swear. *[Cries.]*

Reins. All, in the Devil's name! Marry, quoth he, Zounds what a word was that?

John. I knew how I should be us'd by an ungrateful man; oh that I should betray my weakness, oh, oh!

Reins. Fare you well, good Mrs. *John.* Oh loud, marry? ha, ha, ha, ha.

John. Miserable Woman, how unlucky am I? but I am resoly'd never to give over 'till I get a Husband, if I live and breath. *[Exit John.]*

Enter Mrs. Woody, Lucia, and Carolina.

Lucia. This is your Husband's story.

Mrs. Wood. No, 'tis their own, I assure you: why did you intend your acquaintance with *John* and *Reins* should be a secret? there's pleasant, they have only proclaim'd it in the Town, yet no where else.

Caro. They cannot be so bad, we saw 'em but by accident.

Mrs. Wood. By accident! you are pleasant, Madam, ha, ha, ha.

Reins. What's the cause of your unkindly notice, Cousin?

Mrs. Wood. By accident, *Mr. Rains* applies himself wholly to you, and by accident *Mr. Bevil* makes love to you, Madam; by accident ye all met in a Field this forenoon; by accident, Madam, *Mr. Bevil* expected you to meet him alone in a Field on the backside of my Lodging.

Cara. Me: you drive a jest too far: do you intend to affront me?

Mrs. Wood. I have no mind to fall under the lash of their malicious tongues; but I walked over that Field in a Masque. *Bevil* meets me, calls me dear *Caroline*, said he had obeyed my summons, and that I was punctual in my assignation, thank'd me for the favour of my Note—

Cara. Heaven! what do I hear? this is your project, you must be acquainted with witty men.

Luc. Unworthy men! have they no sense of honour?

Ester Mrs. Woodly.

Mrs. Wood. Yonder, I believe, comes one of them; I'll leave ye lest I should be suspected to tell this.

Wood. I love *Caroline* so, I must undermine *Bevil*, whom I fear she's inclin'd to; I must render *Rains* suspected too, lest they should clear one another.

Luc. If this be true, we have been finely mistaken.

Wood. Oh, Ladies, are you here, you're punctual, are your new Gallants come yet—Perhaps I may guess right.

Cara. What Gallants?

Wood. Nay, perhaps it may be a mistake; but I was told by 5 or 6 Gentlemen, upon Clay-Hill, that you were to meet with *Rains* and *Bevil* privately this night here in *Mrs. R's* Garden; that's all.

Cara. O ha! perfidious men!

Luc. We meet 'em?

Wood. Why, did you think it had been a secret, so is a Proclamation, they themselves have bragg'd on't.

Cara. Do they already boast of our easiness, vile men! Well, I see we must condemn our selves to the conversation of dull sober Fools.

Luc. Or which is as bad, confine our selves to the impertinence of our own Sex.

Wood. I propos'd to day to bring *Rains* acquainted with you, Cousin; but he refus'd it, and said he would not marry you for his own sake, nor lie with you for mine; and that a man had no excuse for himself, that visited a Woman without design of lying with her one way or other.

Luc. Oh Impudence!

Wood. They are men of wit and good company, but not so fit for young Ladies that love reputation; but I hope my Cousin is not so intin'ate with *Rains*, as you are with *Bevil*, Madam?

Cara. I intimate with him, what mean you?

Wood. You are pleasant, Madam: I mean she does not meet him alone, as you do *Bevil*.

Cara. Had he the impudence to say this? or have you so little honour to believe the words of a vain idle fellow?

Wood. But I must believe my eyes: did I not see you with him mask'd? and speak

Speak to you, by the same token you fell into a swoon at the surprize?

Care. You are mad, Sir, or would make me so.

Wood. To shew you I am not mad, there's the Note you wrote to *Bevil*.

Care. That I wrote? Heaven! *Lucia*, do you hear what Monsters of men our ill fate, or your worse Conduct have thrown us upon? Let's in and read this Note.

Lucia. How am I amazed?

Wood. All this confidence won't clear her with me, I know Woman-kind too well.

Enter Rains and Bevil.

Rains. *Lucia* and *Carolina* are slipt into the House, or some Arbour, I see a Hackney-Coach, for they resolv'd not to bring their own.

Bev. Death, that we lewd young fellows shou'd be catch'd thus; I ne'er had any love yet, that I could not satisfy with Gold, or wash away with *Burgundy*; but to be content to leave all the numerous Ladies of the Game in *London*, for two that on my conscience are foolishly honest.

Rains. But by your leave, *Bevil*, *London* is overstock'd with Witches, that like too many Hares in a Hare-Warren, they cross our hunting, and we can make no work on's; the difficulty of finding is one part of the Game.

Bev. I love these Women the more, for declaring against Fools, contrary to most of their Sex.

Rains. I hate a Woman that's in love with a fullom Coxcomb, she's a foul feeder, and I can no more have an appetite to her, when I think of her diet, than to a tame Duck, when I think it feeds on Toads.

Bev. Well, I love *Carolina* beyond all sense of modesty, so much, that I am resolv'd if she will, to turn recreant and marry her, let what will be the consequence.

Rains. To forbear pleasing our selves to day, for fear of being troubled to morrow, were to adjourn life and never to live.

Bev. I am sure of the present pleasure, and but venture the future pain.

Rains. But I am resolv'd to venture, though the Gallies were the consequence.

Bev. And I too. I will live 50 years in that one night I first enjoy her; and care not if I were to be a Slave all the rest of my life. Yonder I believe they are.

Enter Carolina and Lucia.

Care. Ungrateful men!

Luc. 'Tis not too late to retreat from this adventure.

Bev. Ladies, your humble Servant; I see you are to be trusted.

Care. But you are not, you treacherous ungrateful men!

Bev. How's this, Madam?

Luc. Your infamous dealing with us, exceeds all barbarousness, *Indians* and *Canibals* would have us'd us better.

Rains. What mean they? do you think, Madam, we would eat you? we have a pleasanter way of using Ladies.

Luc. Do you make our anger your mirth?

Care. We may thank our selves to trust such perfidious men.

Rev. You ungratefuls, you are not declaring War, when we thought to have concluded a Peace with you.

Cars. Avoid our fight, thou vain man.

Luc. And take thy lewd Companion with thee.

Rains. Ladies, you have so much wit that I cannot think you are in earnest.

Rev. Our love is not so dull, that it needs to be spur'd with anger.

Rains. I hope this is only to make us relish your kindness the better. Anger is a Sauce to Love, as Sickness is to Health.

Rev. For my part, I love so violently, that every look of yours charms me, your anger pleases, I am in love with your frowns.

Cars. It seems so, you would not else so justly have provok'd 'em.

Rains. 'Tis some honour, Madam, to be thought worth your anger. I cou'd never be angry with those that are so.

Luc. But you shall not I can. Let's leave 'em, *Carolina.* *[Exit Lucia.]*

Rains. Dear, this is madness. I'll not leave you so. *[Exit Rains.]*

Cars. I write Letters, and make private appointments with you, pernicious man! to blast my reputation thus.

Rev. This is Mrs. Wood's manse. *[Enter Mrs. Wood.]* Play dear me, Madam.

Cars. No, Sir. *[Exit Cars.]*

Enter Woody as they are going out.

Wood. There go Bevil and Carolina. *[Exit Rev. and Carolina.]*

Now jealousie shut me, I may overbear something, 'tis not to like a Gentleman, but 'tis like a wife and jealous I will follow. *[Exit Woody.]*

Enter Mrs. Woody at the door on the right hand of the stage.

Mrs. Wood. I long to hear what my information has wrought upon 'em. Much enough, I hope.

[Enter Bevil and Carolina at the door on the left hand, at which Mrs. Woody first exit.]

Here are the two whom I am most concern'd in; 'tis dark, and I shall easily conceal my self. *[Woody enters a little after Bevil and Carolina, and stands close.]*

Cars. Why do you follow me thus? I begone, inhuman Creature!

Mrs. Wood. Oh, it works finely.

Rev. Hear me but one word: if you condemn me then; I will own my self the Rascal you speak of.

Cars. What can you say in defence of your treachery? I write Notes to you.

Rev. I know who is my Accuser, and the reason of my Accusation.

Cars. Who is your Accuser besides your self?

Rev. I have had the misprison to be perfid by the love and jealousy of a Woman, cholerick, haughty, and revengeful, Mrs. *Woody*, I am sure she is my Accuser.

Mrs. Wood. Heaven! what says the Villain? I will tear him in pieces.

Wood. Death, Hell, and the Devil! the love of my Wife. But I will hear further.

Cars. Is this possible?

Rev.

Rev. 'Tis true, I assure you; she wrote that Letter from you to me, and met me in the field; I was surpris'd at the Letter, and resolv'd to see the event on't; but I found her instead of you.

Wood. Damnation on this Woman.

Mrs. Wood. I can't stab the Traitor; but I'll yet have patience.

Rev. Her Husband came by in the mean time, and as I believe took her for you, said he knew her, and seem'd to be much concern'd; and she swoonded.

Cara. Now the Riddle's clear'd.

Wood. I will yet hear farther.

Cara. But how came you to part with the Note which I have now? I see you are not to be trusted with a Ticket.

Rev. I am glad you have it, Madam, I unluckily dropt it I know not how; and have been afraid of the effects a stranger finding it might have produc'd. With all my diligence I can't find it; but how came you by it?

Cara. You have told a plausible Story, and I will let you know; but I conjure you to take no notice of it.

Rev. You shall command me, Madam.

Cara. Know then I have been perpetually importun'd since I came to Ephraim, by the love of Mr. Wood, and I suppose he having the same jealousy of me, that his wife has, has been endeavouring to make me believe this Note, which an excellent character of Mr. Point and you, I am assur'd, will not bear.

[Wood, and his Wife both start, as surpris'd in the News.]

Wood. Hell and Devils I now all's out.

Mrs. Wood. Where's the Traitor that has abus'd me thus?

Wood. Madam Carolina, I thank you, you have oblig'd me much.

Mrs. Wood. My Husband! I am undone.

Wood. 'Sdeath, is she here?

Cara. Heaven! what will this come to?

Rev. Unlucky accident.

Mrs. Wood. Oh let me stab this perjur'd Man!

Cara. Hold, Madam.

Wood. Sir, I must have a further account of you.

Rev. Let it suffice to tell you my anger against your Wife; for contriving this mischief against me, and to say more that was unwarrantable in honour of any intrigue with me, only the Letter she did write, was made her I know not.

Wood. But, Sir.

Rev. But, Sir, I must demand an account of you, concerning the Letter and the fair Character you gave me.

Wood. 'Sdeath, not like a Gentleman.

Cara. Hold, Gentlemen.

Wood. Oh, Madam, I thank you for your favour.

Cara. If I have any power with you, follow me, or I shall distrust all you have said.

Mrs. Wood. Oh base infamous Villain! to say so upon my Honour.

Rev. Madam, I must obey you.

Wood. I am oblig'd to you.

Wood. None of your French to show your breeding; come along.
[*Ex. Car. and Bevil.*]

Mrs. Wood. I am basely abus'd by a forsworn Wretch. If you have honour in you bear it not. Heaven knows, I know nothing of the Letter, nor have I seen him this day before.

Wood. No! what can provoke him to so injurious an accusation?

Mrs. Wood. Do you wonder at the malice of base lascivious men, that cannot have their ends: I was loth to make a quarrel between you, but knowing how fatal it might be: but I have never rested from the importunity of his love—

Wood. I know how to deal with him; but for you, Madam

Mrs. Wood. For me! Heaven knows I am innocent and virtuous; but 'tis too apparent that you fail! *Carolina* speaks truth certainly; besides I have heard this day that you are pleased to keep a Wench too; and one that was a Bawd, and you put her into a Whore; an honest Gentleman complain'd on't; I'll not endure it.

Wood. 'Tis well invented; but methinks, Madam, you shon'd have too much to do to clear your self, to think of accusing me.

Mrs. Wood. If thou hadst courage in thee, thou wouldest revenge me of this false Rascal. But why should I expose my Honour from you? you are one of those keeping Coxcombs; that rather than not keep will keep a Bawd. *Carolina*, your Mistress, forsooth, has turn'd from Bawd to Punk, from Punk to Bawd, as often as they say *Thames* Water will sink and grow sweet again of Sea.

Wood. 'Sdeath, none of your Foolery; clear your self, or I'll make you an Example.

Mrs. Wood. Now all the power of sewingful rage has left my Company. I'll away.

Enter Rains, Lucia, and Roger, as Mrs. Woodly is going out.

Rains. There can be nothing plainer than that the jealousy and malice of *Mrs. Woodly* contriv'd this. Can you believe we can be such Rascals without privation? *Lucia*! 'Tis probable *Woodly* has done this for Love and Jealousie of *Carolina*, and his Wife for Love and Jealousie of *Bevil*. But if you were not monstrously lewd, the freedom of *Epsom* allows almost nothing to be scandalous.

Rains. Do you know, Madam, there is no such thing as scandal in this Age. Infamy is now almost as bad to get as preferment.

Enter Clodpate.

Clodp. Who's here, Mr. *Rains*? I am almost fox'd. We have dusted it away, *Godfords*; but there were two Country-Fellows there that I never saw before, won above forty pound of me at *Pur*, but they are honest Country-Fellows; one of 'em is a Chief-Constable, a very honest Fellow. But where's *Madam Carolina*? I have been at her Lodging.

Luc. Oh Mr. *Clodpate*! I am glad I have found you, I sent all up and down the Town for you.

Clodp.

Clodp. Udsbud, Madam, what's the matter, is my Mistress not well?

Luc. Her Brother is come this Evening to Town, with a resolution to force her to London, to marry one, he has provided for her: the poor Lady is almost distracted, and bid me tell you, if you'll relieve her from this distress, she'll be for ever yours.

Clodp. Udsfooks, does he take her *vi & armis*, I'll send my Warrant for him; and stop his Journey.

Luc. No, she has design'd a better way; her Brother has carried her in his Coach to see a Kinswoman that lodges near the Church, and intends to sup there, and not to come home till eleven of the Clock.

Clodp. Good.

Luc. If you'll go and stay for her in the Church-yard, and have your man with Horses just by, she'll steal away and come to you, and go where e'er you'll dispose of her, she'd rather dye than live in London.

Clodp. As Gad judges me, she's a fine person; but why the Church-yard? that's a place to meet in when we are dead, not while we are living, there are Sprights and dead Folks walk: I tremble to think on't.

Rains. This Fellow has not yet out-grown the belief of Raw-head and Bloody-bones.

Luc. There is now no remedy, if you omit this opportunity, you will for ever lose her.

Clodp. Nay, rather than that I'll venture; but I'll take my Practice of Piety in my Pocket.

Luc. Do so, and then let 'em walk their hearts-out.

Clodp. Well, Gad save you, I'll marry her to night. [Exit Clodpater]

Luc. If I had not sent him away, we had been pester'd with him all night.

Rains. Since you have gone thus far with him, I'll have my share in the sport.

Luc. If he should see *Bevil* and *Carolina*, 'twould spoil all.

Enter Foot-Boy.

Foot-Boy. Madam, my Lady sent me to tell you, that she is gone home with Mr. *Bevil*, and desires your Company.

Luc. I'll follow her. [Exit Foot-Boy]

Rains. Roger, you heard what pass'd, pray go you with my *Valet de-Chambre*, and take each of you a Sheet, and wait in the Church-porch till *Clodpater* comes into the Church-yard, and then fall out upon him, and fright him to purpose.

Reg. I will, Sir, and unglad of the employment: let us alone for mischief.

Rains. He believes in Spirits and dead Folks walking, as stedfastly as in his Creed.

Luc. This may make excellent sport.

Reg. Will about it instantly; if we do not fright him out of that little wit his Justice has, I am mistaken. [Exeunt]

Enter Fribble, Mrs. Frib. and Bisket.

Frib. Where's Mr. Kick and Cuff, Doll, we left 'em here but even now wile we went to drink with our neighbours.

Mrs.

Mrs. Frib. They were sent for upon extraordinary business, they paid the Reckoning.

Bisk. I vow they are very civil fair condition'd Gentlemen as one would wish to drink or bowl with; but I vow there were some Bullies there, swore so bloodily, I was afraid the Bowling-Green would have fallen upon our heads; but where's my Lamb?

Mrs. Frib. She's stept to a Neighbour in the Bowling-Green, she'll come instantly.

Frib. Come, Neighbour *Bisk*, will you go? our friends expect us to be merry with them, I could be so brisk to night, fa, la, la, &c.

Bisk. Ay, and I too, fa, la, la; we'll sing old Rose, faith, hey Boy!

Mrs. Frib. Why, have you the confidence to offer to leave me when the Gentlemen are gone, and you in this condition?

Frib. How, what say you?

Mrs. Frib. I have been too tame; 'tis time now to pluck up a spirit, you scurvy Fellow.

Frib. As Gad judge me, the Jade's drunk.

Mrs. Frib. 'Tis you are drunk, Beast, every night; you are sipping off your half pints all day long, and one has no more comfort of you at night, than of a Bed-staff, nay, not so much.

Frib. Oh monstrous impudence! the Woman's possess'd, as I hope to breathe.

Bisk. Pish, this is nothing, my Duck says more to me than this every day; they will have these humours with 'em, mine has abundance, pretty Rogue, ha, ha.

Frib. But if you be a fool, Neighbour, I'll be none, I'll not endure it. Know your Lord and Master.

Mrs. Frib. I am my own Mistress. Did I marry a foolish Haberdasher to be govern'd by him? out upon thee, Nickcompoop, I'll order thee, Pish.

Bisk. Just, my Duck, to a hair, ha, ha, ha.

Frib. Oh unheard of impudence!

Mrs. Frib. All my Neighbours cry out on me, for suffering you in your impudence. Shall I endure a Fellow to be drunk and loose, and spend that abroad that he should spend with me at home; you villainous man, I'll not endure it.

Bisk. Just, my *Mollie*, for all the world, ha, ha, ha.

Frib. Nay then, 'tis time to be in earnest. Hufwife, know your Lord and Master, I say, know your Lord and Master.

Mrs. Frib. My Lord and Master, I scorn thee, thou insolent Fellow, know your Lady and Mistress, Sirrah, I'll order you better, you scurvy Fellow.

Frib. Oh horrible! she's distracted. Hufwife get you home and sleep, and be sober, or I'll send you home with a Flea in your Ear.

Mrs. Frib. Get you home, you pitiful Fellow, or I'll send you home with a Flea in your Ear, and you go to that, thou fumbling Fool.

Frib. This is prodigious. Do you know, Hufwife, that I will give you much correction?

Der. You give me correction, you Coward?

Frib. The Law allows me to give my Wife due correction. I know the Law, Hufwife, consider and tremble.

Der.

Dor. You give me correction, you Whelp; I'll teach you Law.

[She gives him a dash on the Cheeks.]

Frib. Oh Impudence! nay then have at you. If you be mad, I'll cure you without the help of *Doctum*.

[Beats her.]

Dor. Help, help, murder, murder.

Bisk. Nay hold, Neighbour, for Heaven sake.

Dor. Stand by, let me alone, or I will mischief you. Would you be so wicked as to part Man and Wife, a Curse will follow you, if you do.

Bisk. Nay then, whom Heaven has join'd I will not put asunder.

Frib. Come, Husbands, ask me pardon, or I will swinge you immoderately.

[Frib. strikes her again.]

Dor. Hold, I do ask you pardon.

[She kneels.]

Frib. Will you never be so insolent again?

Dor. No, I will never pluck up a spirit again.

Frib. Go, get you home.

Dor. Yes I will; but if I do not make your head ache for't before to morrow morning.

[Aside.]

[Exit Dor.]

Frib. *Captain*, you shall see how I will govern my Wife, is an excellent Sentence I learnt in my Grammar.

Bisk. This is impossible. On that I could govern my Wife thus! If I thought I could, I would swinge my Duck extremely, I'd beat my Lamb inordinately.

Frib. I warrant you, try. This is the only way to govern her; let her feel, if she can't understand that you are her head.

Bisk. I vow and swear I have a good mind, really, though she is a pretty Rogue. She does lead me such a life sometimes, I protest and vow, flesh and blood is not able to bear it.

Frib. I tell you, Neighbour, 'tis a dishonourable thing to bear an affront from a Woman, especially our own Wife.

Bisk. Uds me, here she is, I tremble.

Frib. Bear up for shame.

Enter Mrs. Bisk.

Mrs. Bisk. Where have you been, you Pop Doodle?

Bisk. What's that to you Jilt-Flirts?

Mrs. Bisk. What says the Fellow?

Bisk. May know your Lord and Master.

Mrs. Bisk. Oh Heaven! the Bear's drunk, and has lost his Senses.

Bisk. No, the Sow is drunk, and has lost her manners.

Mrs. Bisk. Oh horrid Insolence! you Villain, I'll order you, I can hear you have lost all your money at Bowls. Get you home, Sirrah, you drunken Beast, you shall have money again, you shall.

Bisk. Peace, you impertinent unreasonable Ass, or I shall grow passionate.

Mrs. Bisk. You lewd Fellow, I'll tear your eyes out. I am amaz'd, what can this Insolence mean?

Bisk. Stand by me, Neighbour, I have too long endur'd your Impudence. I will give you a great deal of Correction: I am your head, Husbands.

Mrs. Bisk. You my head, you Cuckold; nay then 'tis time to begin with you.

you. I'll head you before I have done. *[She gives him a dance on the Chimp?]*

Frib. Now it begins.

Bisk. Nay then have at you.

[He strikes her.]

Mrs. Bisk. Strike your own Wife, I'll tear your Throat out.

[She takes away the stick and beats him, he tumbles down.]

Bisk. Help, murder, murder, Neighbour, help, help, help.

Mrs. Bisk. I'll make an Example on you. Hah would you govern your own Wife? Lord and Master, Quoth a!

Bisk. Oh my Throat, Oh my Eyes!

Frib. Come of for shame, you're an insolent Woman, and were you my Wife, I would take off your Woman-hood.

[Bisket gets up and runs away as hard as he can drive.]

Mrs. Bisk. Oh you are one of the Rascals that put him upon this! I'll try a pluck with you, I'll tear your Eyes out, you Villain, you Cuckoldly Villain.

[She beats Fribble.]

Frib. Hold, hold — Oh Cowardly Rogue! Has he left me in the Lurch?

Mrs. Bisk. I'll order all such Rascals.

Frib. Hold, hold, this is a She-Devil. *[Fribble runs from her, and Exit.]*

Mrs. Bisk. So, are you routed? now the Field's my own, but I'll order my Cockold. Attempt to conquer his own Wife —

*I to my Husband scorn to be a Slave,
I ne'er can fear the beast whose horns I gape.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Kick and Cuff.

Kick. **T**His has been a lucky day; but this last business you drew me into, frighted me devilishly.

Cuff. We that are to live by virtuous industry, ought to stand out at nothing.

Kick. But no more of this, if you please, yet 'twas well design'd to rob Glad-pate; a false Rogue to have threescore pounds in his Pocket, and leave us off at Put. He rob'd us of that first, and we took it by way of Reprisal.

Cuff. His Man is gag'd and bound far enough from helping him.

Kick. And away the Horfes are gone for London. The Rogue will neither go nor send to London for a discovery, he hates it so; but what a Pox made the Sot in the Church-yard.

Cuff. Nay, I know not, unless he waited to kill somebody, and then give him Christian Burial. I am sure it furnished me with a good invention.

Kick. If thou hadst not been a thorough-pac'd Rogue, thou couldst never have been so present to thy self. If we had only bound him, some-body might have pass'd by by accident and unloos'd him; but to tie his hands behind him, and

and take a sheet off the next Hedge, and tie him up in it like a Ghost, and gag him, was a Master-piece of Roguery.

Cass. This way will not only secure us from present pursuit, for no body durst come near him to unbind his hands. But it will make excellent sports, he'll fright all the Town out of their wits.

Enter Rains and Roger.

Kick. There's *Rains*, let us retire for fear of broken heads.

[Exeunt Kick and Cass.]

Rains. How now, what news of *Clodpate*?

Roger. Oh, Sir, we had like to have been frightened out of our wits our selves.

Rains. How so?

Roger. When we expected to have frightened Mr. *Clodpate*, we saw another in a sheet, at which at first we cryed out for fear, which he (to our comfort) hearing, roar'd like a Bull at a Country Bear-bating, and run from us with all the speed he could.

Rains. 'Tis strange! who should it be?

Roger. We know not, Sir; but the amazement made us soon pall off our Ghostly Habits, and come home.

Enter Woody.

Rains. Who's here?

Wood. Mr. *Rains*, I am glad I have found you.

Rains. Oh, Sir, is it you? we are to thank you for the favour you did us in giving those excellent Characters of us to our Mistresses.

Wood. Your Mistresses? you are men of dispatch, you take Women as fast as the French Towns; none of 'em endure a Siege, but yield upon the first Summons to you.

Rains. You are in the wrong, such as we can buy or corrupt the Governours of, may be easily had; but there are your Nimmegen Ladies that will hold out, and pelt damnably. But, Sir, I must be a little more serious with you. Do you think you have us'd a couple of honest Fellows as you ought?

Wood. Why, I could do no less for the honour of my Kinswoman, or the securing my own love to *Carolina*, which was desperate; and let me tell you, it is a silly Honour that will hinder a man the satisfying of his love, and is never to be found but in foolish Rhiming Plays and Romances.

Rains. I could however be no rub in your way, since all my pretences are to your Cousin *Lucia*, and I'll assure you as honourable—

Wood. That's as she pleases; for you have no more honour in love than needs must. There's no trusting young Ladies now a-days to the Invasion of Audacious men.

Rains. But they may to the men of easy Phlegm.

Wood. You are no man of easy Phlegm; but this is not my business, I suppose you have heard of the Bustle at *Mansel's* Garden to night.

Rains. I have.

Wood. I have no more to say, but that you would tell *Bevil* I desire to see him with his Sword in his hand.

H

Rains.

Raine. Sure you are too well grounded in the belief of your Wife's virtue, to entertain a slight suspicion of her.

Wood. I am sure they ge'er shall know that I suspect her. *Exit.*
 Sir, since I do not question her honour, do you make bold with it, 'tis for
 his false accusation that I require satisfaction.

Rains. The same love that provok'd you to accuse him falsely, made him do the same to your Wife; he loves *Caroline* almost to madness.

Wood. The Honour of my Wife is too nice a thing to be m'd in that rate, especially by one that rival'd me in my Mistress, without further dispute I will fight with him; if he refuses to meet me, I shall think he dares not.

Rain. That you shall not think; first you are to brist, provide one to entertain me. I am his friend.

Wood: Such a one you shall not wear instantly.

(Rains.) We cannot possibly meet to night, as five in the morning we'll meet you at Box Hill.

Wood. I will expect you there, adieu.

Rain. Goodnight.

Enter Fribble, Bisket drunk with Flibble

Bisk. Come on Fiddlers, play us a Serenade, a Serenade's a fine merry Tune; we'll be as merry as the veryest Roysters of 'em all, and as drunk too, an we set upon't. Neighbour Fribble.

Frib. I warrant you, come we are choice Lads; come play a Berenado at this Window, fa, la, fa, la.

Bisk, sings. Fa, la. Hold, can't you sing *Hey for Cavaliers, ho for Cavaliers,*
 Dub a dub, dub, have at old Brighab, *Oliver Plunk for Jean.*

Fig. No. 1. Please you, Sir

Frib. Ah brave Neighbour *Biske*, you are a merry man! I sack.

Don't Miss a Minute of the Action

[illegible]

Bird. Now have I as much courage as any man upon the face of the Earth; if my Sweeting were here I'd beat her extremely, I'd Chastise my Pigfave immoderately: I love her, poor Bird, but she's too unruly.

There's no time to waste
Shouldn't stop to sing

If he prove constant, obliging, and kind,

Perhaps I'll sacrifice for to love her,
But if pride or inconstancy do bar I find,

I'd have her to know I'm above her.

Frib. Bravely resolv'd. But for all that you left me engag'd basely and four-
vile. *Enter*

Enter Mrs. Bisket and Mrs. Fribble.

Mrs. Frib. Mr. Rains shou'd be here by the Fiddlers. O lamentable, our Husbands are drunk, and roaring, and serenading.

Mrs. Bisk. Oh, my fingers itch at 'em, I'll order my Rogue.

Bisk. 'sLife here they are; now does my heart fail me: Fiddlers do you keep back; they shall be the reserve, you shall lead the Van, and I'll bring up the Rear: There's discipline for you.

Frib. We are fallen into an ambush, bear thy self bravely.

Mrs. Bisk. Where's my drunken beast? do you sneak behind? I'll make you an example.

Bisk. sings:

*But if pride or inconstancy in her I find,
I do have her to know I am above her.*

Mrs. Bisk. Above me! a pitiful Comfit-maker, above me! I'll have better men above me. Sirrah, I'll spoil your singing.

Enter Kick and Cuff with Fiddlers.

Kick. They are our Babbles drunk, but not drunk enough, and their Wives with them too. Now for some stratagem to part 'em.

Cuff. Ladies, a word of consultation.

Mrs. Bisk. Your Servant, Sir.

Bisk. Oh Gentlemen, your Servant; now we'll be merry as Princes I think: who cares for you now, come, strike up Fiddlers.

Frib. Ay, come, fa, la, la, let 'em alone, who cares!

Bisk. Ay, come, let 'em alone, who cares.

Kick. Ladies, let me desire you to walk away, your Husbands are too drunk for your company; we'll carry 'em to our Lodgings, and they shall sleep till they be sober.

Cuff. And we'll come back and wait on you with our Fiddlers.

Mrs. Frib. Your Servant, sweet Sir, you are very obliging.

Mrs. Bisk. We shall be proud to wait on you! Your humble Servant! [Ex.

Frib. Are you gone? Come, Gentlemen, let's join our forces, and away a serenading, fa, la, la, la.

Kick. Come on toward our Lodging.

Bisk. Strike up, fa, la, la, la.

Enter people crying the Devil, the Devil, Clodpate with his hands bound behind his back in a shirt like a Ghost. Bisket and Fribble run with the Fiddlers, crying the Devil, the Ghost, &c.

Kick. He's here! the Rogue has made haste; now will our Ladies be afraid to be alone to night.

Cuff. We must e'en be content to supply their Husbands' places. Come a-

Frib. Oh, oh, oh, Udsooks there's my Gag broke at length, thanks to the

of my toothy, unmerciful Rogue, if it had been like Dapper's Gag of

Ginger-bread, it would have melted in my mouth; never man has been so unfortunate as I have been this night, I have been frighted out of my Wits, I saw two Ghosts in the Church-yard, I have almost sweat my self into a Consumption, my man's gone, for ought I know, murder'd; nay, which is worse, my Dapple Mare's lost, I am rob'd of Threescore Pounds, my hands ty'd behind me, every one takes me for a Ghost; oh, oh, oh.

Enter a Country-man.

Count. Oh, the Devil, the Devil! *[Exit.]*

Clodp. Do you hear, I am no Devil, stay, stay. If I should run after him, he'd run ten times faster. If I go home they'll shut the doors upon me, no body will come near me this night, nor for ought I know, to morrow.

Enter Landlord and two more with him whistling.

Landl. Oh, here's the Ghost, the Ghost. *[Ex.]*

Clodp. Stay, I am no Ghost, Landlord; Rogue, stay, I will pursue that Rascal. *[He runs out after him, and bask runs over the Stage, again, and Exit.]*

Enter Toby.

Toby. How luckily was I reliev'd? I had been sure for one night, if an honest Fellow had not come by, by Miracle; but he told me a dreadful story of a Spirit walking to night.

Enter Clodpate.

Who's this? my man Toby?

Toby. Oh the Devil, the Devil!

[He runs off the Stage, Clodpate follows him, and they enter again.]

Clodp. Why, Toby, Rogue, Rascal, I am your Master. *[Clodpate enters again.]*

[As they run across the Stage, Clodp. overtakes Toby, and strikes up his heels.]
Justice Clodpate, Rogue, Rascal.

Toby. Devil! deshe thee, and all thy works: Oh, oh, oh!

Clodp. Lye still, or I will stamp thy guts out; hear me, hear me; why, Rogue

Toby. Rascal, I am thy Master.

Toby. Ha, I think it is my Master's voice.

Clodp. Oh, I am rob'd and abus'd, rise and unbind my hands.

Toby. Oh, it is he, let me recover the fright. Oh! how came you in this condition?

Clodp. Ask no questions, but untie my hands.

Toby. Oh, Sir, your Dapple Mare's gone.

Clodp. Oh, what shall I do? Oh miserable man! Oh poor Dapple—I love her so, I could go into mourning for her. I had as good almost have lost *Carolina.*

Toby. Nay, you had better, Sir; she was in the Plot against you to night, and abus'd you all this while with a story of the Church-yard.

Clodp. Godfooks, abuse me?

Toby. She has no Brother hates the Country, is an absolute vain London-Lady and has made sport with you all this night.

Clodp. Now I reflect upon't, Ud'shod, the Affignation in the Church—*ohy.*
was very odd.

Toby. Mrs. *Woodly's* Maid has told me all; she has been laughing at you, and her design upon you all this night.

Clodp. Godlooks, laugh at me, a Magistrate? I could find in my heart to bind her to her good behaviour.

Enter Peg.

Toby. Ha, who's this, Mrs. *Margaret*? Look you, Sir, she's come in time. I have told my Master what you told me.

Peg. 'Tis true; but I shall be ruin'd, if he tells it again.

Clodp. Fear not that, Gad'sbudy, I tell! but if I be not reveng'd on her. Hold, it comes into my head; what is become of the pretty Country-Lady I saw to day?

Peg. At her Lodging, the same well in; but why do you ask, Sir?

Clodp. As Gad judge me, 'tis the finest Lady I ever saw.

Peg. I could tell you, Sir, but I dare not.

Clodp. What could'st thou tell me? Upon the honour of a Country-Justice, I'll be secret.

Peg. Sir, she is extremely taken with your Worship. Alas! she's a poor innocent Country thing.

Clodp. Nay, but is she, poor Rogue?

Peg. She loves your honesty, true, *English* Country Gentlemen, and wonders what Ladies can see in foolish *London* Fellows, to charm 'em so.

Clodp. And so do I, a Company of Spindle-shank'd Pocky Fellows, that will scarce hold together: I am of your true tuff *English* heart of Oak. Godlooks.

Peg. But, Sir, I am in haste, my Lady sent me of an Errand, and I must go.

Clodp. Hold, Mrs. *Margaret*: if you can bring about my Marriage with this Lady, I will give you so.

Peg. That I know not whether I can do or no; but, Sir, I'll endeavour to serve you without a reward, if you be in earnest.

Clodp. I am, prepare a Vind for me presently.

Peg. I'll do what I can to serve you, but I must go, your Servant.

[*Exit.*]

Clodp. If I do not give *Carolina* such a bolt, she shall repent it all her life.

[*Ex. Clodp. and Toby.*]

Enter Rains, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.

Care. Good *Brisk*; Sir, you shall not meet with *Woodly* this night.

Luc. And you, Sir, shall pass your word for your self and him. I know you'll offer your help to commit a Gentleman-like murder for his Honour.

Rains. Faith, Ladies, there's no way to secure us but to take each of us and keep us in your several Chambers all night.

Luc. No, Sir, we shall be in more danger with that, than you'll be with fighting.

Care. We shall find a better way with a Constable and Watch, if you will not pass your words to go home peaceably to night.

Bev. If I could think this care of me proceeded from a value you have for me, I would renounce my Honour for my Love.

[*Exit.*]

Cara. Perhaps I have that a value for you, as time might grow to a kind of Friendship. But that's the farthest point I shall ever stretch to.

Bro. Friendship's a dull, foolish, degenerate affection, which you might as had, being a Woman for the matter; but if it could ever grow to Love, I would renounce my dear Friends, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil for you.

Rains. A Lady will be little pleas'd with one that should renounce the Flesh for her sake.

Luc. Are not you angry in your heart to be kept from your beloved Bottles?

Rains. The Devil take me, I love you so, that I could be content to abjure Wine for ever, and drink nothing but Almond-milk for your sake.

Bro. We never meet like Country-Sots to drink only, but to enjoy one another, and then Wine steals upon us unawares, as late hours do sometimes upon your selves at Cards.

Rains. And it makes your dull Fools sit hickupping, sneezing, drivelling, and belching, with their eyes set in their heads, while it raises men of heat and vigour to mirth, and sometimes to extravagance.

Bro. And which is most scandalous, witty extravagance, or drivelling, snivelling, sneaking dulness.

Enter Peg with a Note.

Peg. Is my Lady here, Ladies? His pass eleven, and she's not come home yet.

Luc. No, she's not here.

Peg. My Lady is at home, and bid me give you that Note. *[Gives a Note to Rains.]* Was a word to Mr. Devil, good night. I have taken order, the other Note shall be given to Mr. Broil.

Cara. Gentlemen, we are not us'd to your late hours, we must retire, but if you will not promise to go home peaceably, I will send for the Constable.

Rains. Take my word, Madam, there shall be nothing done to night.

Luc. Gentlemen, your Servants.

Rains. I hope the noise of Fiddlers under your Window, will not offend you.

Luc. In a Town where there are such vile noises all night long, we may suffer good Musick to come into the Confort.

Cara. Adieu.

Bro. Your Servant, dear, dear Madam. *[Ex. Women.]*

Enter Messenger with a Letter, and delivers it to Rains.

Bro. Is this for me?

Miss. It was left in the house for you.

Rains. What's this? Reads, I know you to be a generous Person, and that you will succour a distressed Lady, who stands in need of your Advice immediately.

Sarah Woodly.

Gad I believe she stands in need of something else than my Advice. He has a design on my Chastity: shall I go? good Devil, do not tempt me. I must be constant, I will be constant: nay, Gad, I can be constant when I resolve on't, and yet

yet I am a Rogue. But I hope I shall have Grace, and yet I fear I shall not; but come what will, I must suffer this trial of my Virtue.

Rev. How now, Jack, an Affignation?

Rains. Peace, Ned, peace, go home, I'll be with you in half an hour.

Rev. Farewell, Constancy.

[*Exit Rains.*]

I am glad he's gone; *Woody* has repented him of fighting in the morning, and won't discomf the business to night. 'Tis a Moon-light night, and we shall do't well enough. Reads, *Meet me in the field behind my Lodging, and I will.* *Sir,*

Give you one pleasd to doubt whether I durst or no.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Clodpate and Mrs. Jilt.

Clodp. Uddooks, do you suspect me? my word will go for ten thousand pounds in *Suffex*.

Jilt. Alas! I am a poor innocent Country thing unexperienc'd in the World; do not go about to betray a harmless Maid as I am, God wor.

Clodp. As I am an honest Man, I am in earnest; here's a Parson lies in the House, and I'll marry you immediately.

Jilt. Alas! I am an inconsiderable person, and not worth your Love, though I have been offer'd the Love of Knights, nay Lords, upon my word; but they were hurvy *London* ones, and I wear I scorn 'em all.

Clodp. As God judge me, you are in the right.

Jilt. Oh I hate that Town, my Father forc'd me thither for Breeding, forsooth. Excellent Breeding is learnt there indeed, to wash, daub, paint, and be proud, and confelssy set on 'em for *Travell*.

Clodp. Very fine, that an Angel Guide had.

Jilt. I had rather rest upon an Lady in the Country, than be that vain thing at *London*; upon my word now.

Clodp. Leave all, and cleave to me, we'll into *Suffex* far enough off that lewd Town.

Jilt. Alas! I am a silly innocent poor Creature, I cannot abide Marriage, upon my word not I; yet I won't undergo any thing rather than live at *London*; I had rather milk Cows in the Country, than be a Maid of Honour there.

Clodp. Maid of Honour! I'll make you a Wife of Honour, if you'll go with me; that's better.

Jilt. Well, I now I use to go sometimes for my pleasure to Milk a Cow; it is a very pleasant recreation to stroke the Cows Teats, I delighted in it extremely.

Clodp. Admirable —

Jilt. Nay I have gone a Hay-making in a frolick, upon my word now; but my Father was stark mad with me, and forc'd me to *London*, to learn breeding, and to break me of those tricks as he call'd 'em.

Clodp. Goodfooks, he was too blame. If you'll be my Wife you shall milk and make Hay as much as you will.

Jilt. Sir, you are in a manner a Stranger to me, though *Mrs. Margaret* has told me your condition and quality; yet an innocent simple thing as I am must take advice of Friends.

Clodp.

Clodp. Friends! God take me, I have 2000*l.* a year, take advice of that, 'twill be the best Friend you can advise with.

Enter Mrs. Woodly.

Mrs. Wood. 'Tis strange this Husband of mine is not come home yet; but I hope Mr. *Rains* will not fail his appointment.

Clodp. Here's Company, let us retire and discourse of this business. If I do not give *Carolina* such a box as she never had in her life —

[Ex. Clodpate and Jilt.]

Mrs. Wood. Mr. *Rains* seems to be a person of worth, and fitter to be trusted with an intrigue, than that Villain *Bevil*.

Enter Rains.

Rains. What a Rogue am I to run into temptation; but Pox on't, *Lucia* will ne'er miss what I shall lose. Madam, your humble Servant; I have obey'd your Summons.

Mrs. Wood. Sir, I hope you'll pardon the confidence of a stranger, that blushes for't, as I do.

Rains. I must thank you for the honour. I'll ne'er stand out at serving such a Lady with my soul and body too; I Gad as far as it will go — I am a Rogue, poor *Lucia*, forgive me. *[Aside.]*

Mrs. Wood. Your Friend *Bevil* is the falsest of men, but I do not doubt your honour; you are fit to make a Friend of, and advise a Lady in the dangerous actions of her life.

Rains. It was an unlucky embroilment you were in this night.

Mrs. Wood. It was, Sir; but I am the more easily appeas'd, since it has offer'd mean occasion of knowing, in some measure, so worthy a person as your self.

Rains. Why there it is — I see what it must come to. *[Aside.]*

Enter Peg.

Peg. Madam, Mr. *Bevil* is walking yonder, but my Master is coming in.

Rains. Death, Madam, I shall be discover'd.

Mrs. Wood. Fear it not, go in.

Peg. go down.

Enter Woodly.

Wood. So, Madam, does not your Ladyship blush, and tremble at my presence?

Mrs. Wood. You are an unworthy man to suspect my virtue. I am the most abus'd Woman upon the Earth.

Wood. Abus'd! It is impossible.

Mrs. Wood. I can clear my self, wou'd you cou'd do so, barbarous man!

Wood. You clear your self!

Mrs. Wood. That false Villain, *Bevil* has again had the impudence to sollicit my virtue, and after he had ask'd me a thousand pardons, he was so audacious to press me to a meeting, saying, he would defend me against all your rage, and that there was no way for me left, but to fling my self upon him for protection.

Wood.

Wood. 'Death and Hell, and I'll reward him for't.

Mrs. Wood. Lord, how I tremble, do not quarrel, good Dear; though you are a naughty man, I cannot but love you yet, and wou'd not have told you this, but to clear my honour; take two or three of your Servants, and beat him soundly; do not quarrel, good Dear.

Wood. I'll warrant you, let me alone.

[*Ex. Woodly.*

Mrs. Wood. I know he has too much honour not to meet him singly; if he kills *Bevil*, I am reveng'd, if *Bevil* kills him, he rids me of the worst Husband for my humour in Christendom; but I'll to Mr. *Rains*, he's a Gentleman indeed.

[*Ex. Mrs. Woodly.*

Enter Bevil in the field:

Bev. Where is this *Woodly*? 'Tis as fine a Moon-light night to run a man through the Lungs in, as one wou'd wish; 'Twas unlucky he shou'd over-hear me to night, but 'tis too late to retreat now.

[*Rains and Mrs. Woodly appear at the Window above.*

Rains. 'sLife yonder's *Bevil*; I must to him, for I gave my word to keep him from meeting your Husband to night.

Mrs. Wood. You need not fear, my Husband's gone another way.

Rains. However, Madam, I must secure him in my Lodgings, and I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs. Wood. But, Sir, I have an immediate occasion for your assistance and advice.

Rains. Madam, I'll return immediately.

Mrs. Wood. My affair is so pressing and urgent, it must be dispatch'd instantly.

Rains. I'll not stay a moment from you.

Mrs. Wood. Stay but one minute; they'll not meet I tell you.

Rains. Madam, I pass'd my honour, and dare not venture it.

Mrs. Wood. Excellent honour, to leave a Lady that has such occasion for you as I have.

Rains. I have as much occasion, Madam, for you; but those old Enemies Love and Honour will never agree.

Mrs. Wood. Sir, you shall not stir, for a reason I have to my self.

Rains. For a reason I have to my self, I must, Madam. [*Breaks from her and Exit.*

Mrs. Wood. Farewel you ill-bred, rude, unworthy Fellow: Heaven! how unlucky this is? I am ruin'd.

[*Ex. Mrs. Wood.*

Enter Woodly.

Wood. All's true she has said, he's here.

Bev. Oh, Sir, are you come, I have waited sufficiently for you.

Wood. Oh, cunning! how ready he's at a lye to excuse himself? Do you think to carry it off thus?

Bev. Carry what off? you see, Sir, I dare meet you.

Wood. Rare impudence, meet me! have at you, Sir.

[*Draws.*

[*They fight, Woodly falls and is disarm'd.*

I

Bev.

Rev. Your Life—

Wood. Take it—I deserve to lose it since I defended it no better.

Rev. No, Sir—live—and live my Friend if you please; and know your Lady's innocent: I had not gone so far, but that you were pleas'd to make a question to *Rains*, whether I durst meet you or no.

Enter Rains.
Rains. How, Gentlemen, you have put a fine trick upon me, to engage me, and then leave me out at this business.

Wood. He came hither to meet another, Sir, not me.

Rev. Another, you are mad, Sir.

Enter Lucia and Carolina in Night-Gowns.

Luc. So Gentlemen, you are men of honour, you keep your words well; but we would not trust you—we had you dogg'd.

Caro. This will redound much to our reputation, to have our names us'd in one of your quarrels.

Rains. There's a mistake, Madam, hear it out.

Wood. Did not you come to meet a Lady of my acquaintance?

Rev. I receiv'd a Challenge from you, there 'tis—

Wood. From me? I sent none. Ha, this must be my dam'd Wife, 'sDeath and Hell; but no more, I am resolv'd. Ladies and Gentlemen, do me the favour to go into my Lodgings with me, and you shall see I will behave my self like a man of honour, and doubt not but to have all your approbations.

Rains. What does he mean?

Luc. Come, let's in.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Bisk and Fribble in the Hall.

Bisk. A duce take Mr. Guff and Mr. Kick, for locking us up. I'll take him up roundly for't to morrow: it's well his Landlord took pity on us and releas'd us.

Frib. Well, I am so loving in my drink, I'll go to bed to my Dear, and forgive her all.

Bisk. I can hold out no longer, I'll go to bed and make peace with my Bird, there's no such peace as that concluded between a pair of sheets. Prithce, Neighbour, go you first gently into her Chamber, and try to appease her, a little to prepare my way.

Frib. Well, I'll venture a Broken-head for you once.

Bisk. Gently, gently.

Frib. 'sDeath, what do I see?

[*Peeps in.*]

Bisk. Be not afraid, man, what's the matter?

Frib. Mr. Kick is in a very indecent posture upon the Bed with your Wife.

Bisk peeps in. 'sLife what do you say? Oh, 'tis true, 'tis true, what shall I do? If I should go in, he'd grow desperate at the discovery, and for ought I know, kill me.

Frib. You must get a Constable and apprehend him; but for my Jade I'd smother her, if I should find her at it.

Bisk.

Bick. I will, I will, come along with me, Neighbour.

Frib. Stay but a minute till I see how my poor Rogues does, and I'll go with you; I beat her damnably, and am very sorry for't, Pfack.

Bick. Oh make haste, make haste!

Frib. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!

[*Peeps.*

Bick. What's the matter?

Frib. Oh, Lord!

Bick. What's the matter, come away?

Frib. As Gad judge me, my Jade's at the same recreation with Mr. Cass. Oh look, look, Neighbour, that you may be my witness as well as I am yours.

[*Bick. peeps.*

Bick. She has given you occasion to maul her, Neighbour.

Frib. This I may thank you for; you must be bringing Fellows acquainted with your Wife, ye Sat.

Frib. And you must be laying wagers upon your Wife's head. Come, come, let's fetch a Constable, the World shall know what lewd Creatures they are.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Rains, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.

Rains. Since Mr. Woodly is so busy with his, settling his great affair with his Lady, let us mind our business. Ladies, our Loves to you two are so violent, they must end in Marriage.

Luc. Your Love is violent indeed; it is a hot Spur French Love.

Bev. I am sure I have lov'd out a year of ordinary Love in this one day.

Caro. Marriage! that were time to talk of when we have known you seven years.

Rains. 'aDeath, would you have a man have the patience of a Patriarch?

Luc. Methinks 'twere enough to arrive at Platonick Love at first.

Bev. The pretence to that is more out of fashion in this active Age, than Ruffs and Frank-breeches are.

Caro. If we hear one word of Marriage more, we'll discard you. We may perhaps admit of a little harmless Gallantry.

Luc. This is no Age for Marriage; but if you'll keep your distance, we will admit you for a Couple of Servants as far as a Country Dance, or Ombre, or so.

Enter Clodpate.

Clodp. So, Ladies, I thank you for the Tricks you have put upon me; but, Madam, I am even with you for your London Tricks, I have given you such a bob.

Caro. Me?

Clodp. You have lost me, Madam, you have. I have married a pretty innocent Country-Lady worth fifty of you. Come in, my Dear. Here's the Parson too, that dispatch'd the business for us. I think I have met with you now.

Enter Jilt with a Parson.

Rains. Mrs. Jilt.

Bev. Old Acquaintance.

Clodpate. How's this!

Jilt. I have got a Husband at last, though much a do, I'll swear.

Enter Peg.

Peg. Sister, I wish you Joy. Now I hope I may be own'd by you.

Clodp. Is she her Sister? Curs'd Instrument of Hell, I am cheated, abus'd.

Bev. Is this your Country-Lady? she has liv'd in London all her life.

Clodp. Udsbud, is this true?

Jilt. I was never so far out of London, nor ever will be agen, I'll swear.

Clodp. Nay, now I am sure she has liv'd in London, she could not have been so impudent else.

Caro. I wish you happy in her, Sir, though it was not my good Fortune to be made so by you; but let's in and hear *Woody's* resolution.

[*Ex. Rains, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.*]

Jilt. Did you think I would be mop'd up in a house in *Suffex*? Sister, take a place in the Coach, and go to morrow to London, get my Brother to bespeak me a fine Coach and Horses, and to hire me a House in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, I shall find Credit for Furniture; but now I think on't, my Dear, you shall go with me. You are so strangely Rustical, I swear, you must be better bred, if you think to please me; upon my word you must.

Clodp. Gudsooks, Gud'sbud, I'll go hang my self.

Jilt. A person of your Quality keep Company with Boars and Rascals, it's a shame. I'll ha' you to London, and bring you acquainted with Wits and Courtiers upon my word, and you shall learn such breeding of 'em. I am below'd and courted at a high rate by 'em all, I'll swear.

Clodp. Oh, miserable man! I have not only married a *Londoner*, and consequently a Strumpet, and consequently one that is not found; but the most audacious of her Sex, a *Mall Cutpurse*, a *Doll Common*.

Jilt. My Dear, you are strangely unkind upon your Wedding night. We'll to London together to morrow, you'll find great respect there for my sake. I have had so many Lovers I have been cruel to, that I'll swear you'll be the most envied man in the whole World, upon my word you will.

Clodp. I am distracted; I know not what to do or say.

Jilt. Why are you troubled, my Dear? you shall find I have interest at Court, and can keep you from being Sheriff; nay, I believe I could get you Knighted.

Clodp. Knighted with a Pox; would you had interest enough with the Parson, and wou'd get me unmarry'd, I wou'd willingly give a Leg or an Arm.

Jilt. Unmarried; nay, Sir, an' you despise me, I scorn such a pitiful Fellow as you are; matters are not gone so far, but upon good terms I can release you.

Clodp. How, Gudsbud, what say you?

Peg. Leave it to me, give me a handsome reward, and her some consideration for the loss she shall have in such a Husband, and I'll do't.

Clodp. I will, any thing that you can in reason demand.

Jilt. We'll in, and consult about the business.

[*Ex. Jilt, and Peg, and Parson.*]

Clodp. 'sEud I'd give half of my Estate to be rid on her.

Enter

Enter Bisket and Fribble, with a Constable and Watch, bringing in Mrs. Fribble, Mrs. Bisket, Kick, and Cuff.

Bisk. Sir, an please your Worship, I have brought a Malefactor before you here, that in most unseemly manner did make an assault upon the body of my Wife.

Frib. And I another, that committed the same insolence upon mine.

Clodp. Ha, Rogues! I'll vent some of my anger upon them: Hah, you were the Rogues in Country Habits, to day, that won my money at Pott: I'll make you Examples, cheating Villains; you, for ought I know, rob'd me, bound me, and stole my Dapple Mare.

Kick. Shameless Rascals, to publish thus your own disgraces.

[To Bisk. and Frib.]

Cuff. Rogues! we shall meet with you.

Clodp. Away with 'em, cheating Slaves! adulterous Rogues!

Cuff. Mr. Justice, you are a Coxcomb; and I shall find a time to cut your Nose.

Kick. And I will make bold to piss upon your Worship.

Clodp. Oh impudence! Constable secure 'em to night, and I'll send 'em in the morning to *Kingston* Goal without Bail or Mainprize.

Cuff. Phen, our Party is too strong for that, here in Town.

[Ex. Constable, Cuff, and Kick.]

Clod. Oh this cursed Match of mine! I'll see what they do within.

[Ex. Clodp.]

Mrs. Frib. Good Dear, forgive me: I will never do the like again.

Frib. Again, quoth she! no she had not need —

[They Kneel.]

Mrs. Bisk. Good Duck, now forgive me; I will never commit Adultery again, nay I will never pluck up a spirit against thee more. Thou shalt command me for ever, if thou'lt say no more of this business.

Bisk. Well, my heart melts — I cannot deny my Lamb when she begs any thing upon her Knees. Rise, poor Bird — but i'fack you were too blame, Duck.

Mrs. Bisk. I was; but I will never do so again.

Bisk. But will you swear, as you hope to be sav'd.

Mrs. Bisk. Ay, as I hope to be sav'd.

Mrs. Frib. Pray, Dear, forgive me.

Frib. Ay, now you are upon your Knees; but you were in another posture just now.

Mrs. Frib. And I wish I may never stir out of this place alive, if I e'er do so again. Pray forgive me.

Frib. Well, I'll pass it by for once; but I'll not fail to sue *Cuff* upon an Action of Assaults and Battery.

Bisk. And I'll sue *Kick* too. If we order our business wisely and impanel a good substantial Jury, of all married men, they'll give us vast damages.

Frib. I have known a man recover 4 or 500 *l.* in such a Case, and his Wife not one jot the worse.

Bisk,

Bisk. No, not a bit. But shall I always command you?

Mrs. Bisk. Yes, you shall, you shall.

Bisk. Why then this is the first day of my reign.

Enter Woody, Mrs. Woody, Rains, Bevil, Lucia, and Carolina.

Wood. I desire you all here to stay, and be Witnesses of what I now shall do.

Rains. Be not rash, consider 'till to morrow.

Wood. I have consider'd, dissuade me not: next to the obligation she did me to let me enjoy her when I lik'd her, is the giving me occasion to part with her when I do not like her.

Bev. I am extream sorry, Madam, that I was the occasion, though unwillingly, of this breach.

Mrs. Wood. You are not the occasion, he believes you not; but if you were, I should thank you; for you would rid me at once of him and your self too: but the business is, we like not one another, and there's an end on't.

Wood. But let's execute our Divorce decently; for my part I'll celebrate it like a Wedding.

Mrs. Wood. To me 'tis a more joyful day.

Enter Clodpate, Jilt, Peg, and Parson.

Peg. Do but sign this Warrant, to confess a Judgment to my Sister, and this Bond to me; and I'll null your Marriage, or declare these Writings before all these Witnesses to be void.

Clodp. Give me the Writings, I will do't with all my heart.

Luc. What's here another Divorce? *Clodpate* begins betimes.

Clodp. Here they are, take 'em.

Peg. Well now, Sir, know the Parson would not marry you, because the hour was not Canonical, but I was fain to steal a Cask, and counterfeit a Beard for Mr. Woody's man. Look you, this is the first Parson I ever ordain'd.

[Pulls his Beard off.]

Jilt. I release you of your Marriage and thank you, you have qualified me to marry one I like better, for I am resolv'd to marry upon my word, and suddenly too.

Clodp. 'Sdeath and Hell, if ever I come so near London again, I'll commit Treason, and have my head and quarters set upon the Bridge. [Ex. Clodpate.]

Wood. Now listen, and be witnesses to our agreement.

Mrs. Wood. This I think is the first time we e'er agreed since our Wedding.

Wood. Imprimis, I Francis Woody, for several causes me thereunto especially moving, do declare I will for ever separate from the company of Sarah my now Wife.

Mrs. Wood. Your lewd disorderly life made you separate before. The said Sarah having for this two years scarce seen you by day-light.

Wood. And that I will never hereafter use her like a Wife.

Mrs. Wood. That is Parvily. Also all Obligations of conjugal affections, shall from henceforth cease, be null, void, and of none effect.

Wood. Then, that I am to keep what Mistress I please, and how I please, after the laudable custom of other Husbands.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wood. And that I am to have no Spies upon my company or actions, but may enjoy all Priviledges of other separate Ladies, without any lett, hindrance, or molestation whatsoever.

Wood. And if at any time I should be in drink, or otherwise in a loving fit, and should be desirous to visit you, it shall and may be lawful for you to deny me ingress, egress, and regress.

Mrs. Wood. Yes, though you serve me as you do others, and break my Windows.

Wood. I restore you all your Portion, and add 2000 *l.* to it for the use I have had on you.

Mrs. Wood. So, it is done.

Wood. Is not this better than to live and quarrel, and to keep a pother with one another. Faith take a Kiss at parting for old acquaintance. [Kisses her.]

Mrs. Wood. Farewel, dear Husband.

Wood. Adieu, dear Wife.

Frib. to his Wife. This 'tis to marry a Gentleman, forsooth; if you had marry'd one, you certainly had been turn'd away for the prank you plaid to night.

Bish. Ay, but we Citizens use our Wives better: let me tell you, Neighbour *Fribble*, I would not part from my Lamb for all the World, let her do what she will, she is such a pretty Rogue.

Luc. See what Matrimony comes to —

Rains. Madam, since we cannot agree upon better terms, let me claim your Promise, and admit me for your Servant.

Luc. I do receive you upon tryal.

Cara. And I you upon your good behaviour: I think you have gone far enough in one day.

Luc. If you should improve every day so, what would it come to in time?

Rains. To what it should come to, Madam.

Bev. 'Twill come to that, *Jack*; for one Fortnights, conversing with us will lay such a scandal upon 'em, they'll be glad to repair to Marriage.

Wood. To shew you, that there was never yet so decent a Divorce, I have Fiddles to play at it, as they use to do at Weddings.

Mrs. Wood. And to shew you I am extremely pleas'd, I'll dance at it.

Wood. How easie and how light I walk without this Yoak! methinks 'tis air I tread — Come let's Dance, strike up.

Dance:

*Marriage that does the hearts and wills unite,
Is the best state of pleasure and delights:*

But —

*When Man and Wife no more each other please,
They may at least like no each other ease.*

[Ex. omnes.]

Epi-

Epilogue.

A Play without a Wedding, made in spite
Of old Black-Fryars; 'tis a fine way they write;
They please the wicked Wenchers of the Age,
And scoff at civil Husbands on the Stage:
To th' great decay of Children in the Nation,
They laugh poor Matrimony out of fashion.
A young man dares not marry now for shame,
He is afraid of losing his good name.
If they go on thus, in a short time we
Shall but few Sons of honest Women see:
And when no virtuous Mothers there shall be,
Who is't will boast his ancient Family?
Therefore, for Heavens sake, take the first occasion,
And marry all of you for th' good o' th' Nation.
Gallants, leave your lewd whoring and take Wives,
Repent for shame your Covent-Garden lives:
Fear not the fate of us, whom in the Play
Our bawdy Poet Cuckolded to day;
For ours are Epsom Water-drinking Wives,
And few in that lewd Town lead stricter lives:
But for the rest, he'd have it understood
By representing few ill Wives he wou'd }
Advance the value of the many good.
He knows the wise, the fair, the chaste, the young.
A party are so numerous and strong,
Would they his Play with their protection owne,
They might each day fill all this House alone.
He says, none but ill Wives can ever be
Banded in faction 'gainst this Comedy.
Therefore come all, who wish to have it known,
Though there are scurvy Wives, that they are none.

FINIS.